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ROBERT J COLLIER EDITOR

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NEW YORK OCTOBER EIGHTH 1898

THE EMPEROR OF CHINA, whose reign is officially described as the Continuation of Splendor, was, a fortnight since, reported as having died and also as having abdicated. Either event is unimportant. The real emperor is the empress—not Ye-ho-na-la, the pretty little girl, incidentally a cousin, who, with two other little girls equally pretty and equally cousinly, became his bride, but an aunt—Tsi An, a highly imperious lady in whose hands the Son of Heaven has been a doll of wax. Theoretically the one being between earth and sky practically he has been a prisoner on the Dragon Seat. Within the walls of the Forbidden City, behind the Veil of Pearls, in a palace enchanted as fairyland, he has been a monarch in dream, a sovereign whose scepter had the consistency of mist, whose rights were as vaporous and whose days as obscure. But this is natural. In a land in which, some one somewhere sprightly stated, roses have no fragrance and women no petticoats, where everything goes by contraries, where paradox is commonplace, it follows as a matter of course that the ruler should be ruled. Since the reception which he gave last spring to Prince Henry of Prussia, and during which visibly he trembled, the last accounts of him were to the effect that he was meditating reforms. In what Muscovite cellars the latter originated, and through what process they were handed up as his, one may surmise yet never know. But a point remains. Scarcely had the rumor of these reforms reached here than the report of his passing comes—a circumstance which seems to show that, however antique China may look, she is becoming rapidly up to date, that reforms are as grateful to the Tsungli Yamen as they are to Tammany Hall. Apart from that incident, which, like every other, has its humor, the fate of Kwangsu is unimportant. Were it not that he belongs to the genus potentate, he would be but one of those many people whom we learn have existed only through hearing that they are dead.

CHINA is an old coquette. No one knows her age. Beside her arts and wiles those of dead Greece and buried Rome were the creations of yesterday. Before Troy tottered, before Nineveh, before Memphis, before chronicles began, China was. The fact, always interesting, recent events render important. In the fate of the earth's most ancient nation resides perhaps the future of the world. At present little more than a buffer state between two great powers, one does not need to be a prophet to assume that should she become Russian, India will follow, Asia will be Muscovite, and, ultimately, Europe as well. Behind Russia is the north wind. Where the latter sweeps bulwarks must be high and stanchions strong to withstand it. The solidity of the walls which England has thrown up time will demonstrate. Those of China are porcelain. In the cities of Cathay there once were sewers perfectly and prodigiously contrived. In Pekin to-day the streets are cesspools. In them drown men and beasts. As the streets, so the Executive. The Flower Kingdom is a pretty name, but lilies that fester smell worse than weeds. The need there of practical plumbers and landscape gardeners has been as patent in Downing Street as on the Nevski Prospect. The question arises, whence shall they come? Meanwhile who shall say that times are dull? It is a pleasure to be alive if only because of the orchestra stall we inhabit, and before which a panorama that shall be history will presently unroll.

THE CONNECTICUT IDENTIFICATION BLUNDER presents, in the perspective, opportunities in fiction such as the bookstalls have not provided for a year and a day. In real life there is nothing like it. If less ornate than the matter of Druce *vs.* Bentick, it is more complex than the Tichborne affair. In the former case a lady identified a retired tradesman as a defunct duke. In the latter a mother identified an impostor as her son.

But in the Bridgeport case a father mistook a murdered girl for his living daughter; he not only mistook her, he was about to bury her when the young person appeared, explaining with Puritan candor that she had been junketing over the country with the grocer's clerk. There is romance, there also is farce, and, happily too, without any of those objectionable features which make French fiction so obnoxious. With such ingredients a novelist could produce a real New England pastoral, one shuttled with drama, however; for if he knew his trade he would be sure to hide the heroine and arrest the hero for her murder. Chapter I. The Junket. Chapter II. A Lover's Quarrel. Chapter III. The Disappearance of Priscilla. Chapter IV. Back in the Grocery. Chapter V. The River gives up its Dead. Chapter VI. My Daughter! My Daughter! Chapter VII. Thou art the Man! Chapter VIII. Verdict: Guilty! Chapter IX. On the Scaffold. Chapter X. The Return of Priscilla. Chapter XI. Saved by a Neck. Chapter XII. A Puritan Wedding. Title: "It is a Wise Father that knows his own Child." Paper covers. Fifty cents.

THE ESTERHÁZY who died recently is not, of course, the villain in the Dreyfus case, nor, parenthetically, was he in any way connected with that swashbuckler. But there is a romance in his life, and in his ancestry there are two. A century ago the Earl of Westmoreland eloped in a post-chaise with the presumptive heiress of a rich banker. There was a pursuit, pistol shots through the window, the dignity of danger and a marriage at Gretna Green. The banker never forgave it. His money went over their heads to a daughter who, as Lady Jersey, reigned in London society and in several of D'Israeli's novels besides. A daughter of this heroine married Prince Esterházy of Galantha. The Esterházy's are great nobles, which is a detail, but they are Hungarians, which is not. In Hungary the spirit of caste exists as it exists nowhere out of Asia. But then the Hungarians are Asiatics, and the Esterházy's, it is of interest to note, descend from Attila. Where he passed the earth remained forever bare. The powers of his descendants are more limited. They may marry whom they like, but unless they marry in their own class there is no one to receive their princesses. There was no one to receive the granddaughter of the banker. On her escutcheon was the bar-sinister of trade. How greatly the circumstance affected her is immaterial. It was her son who died the other day. A year ago it was reported that he was engaged to Mrs. Langtry and to the ex-queen of Naples as well. That being insufficient, an abject Uhlan stole his name, smeared it with mud and sent it, exuding infamy, around the world. No wonder he died.

EDGAR SALTUS.

THE PROSPECTS OF THE REPUBLICAN PARTY

IF OUR political history during the last thirty years be scrutinized, it will be found that, usually, the issue of a presidential election has been foreshadowed in the result of the election for the House of Representatives which was held two years before. Thus, in 1874, the Democrats carried the House of Representatives, and, in 1876, Samuel J. Tilden obtained a large majority of the popular vote, though he was deprived of the Chief Magistracy by the Electoral Commission. In 1882 the Democrats were again successful at the Congress election, and, two years afterward, Grover Cleveland was chosen President. In 1890, the middle year of Harrison's administration, the Democrats were again triumphant in the election for the House of Representatives, and, two years later, Grover Cleveland became President for the second time. In 1894, the Democrats were overwhelmingly beaten at the Congress election, and they lost the Presidency in 1896. The two exceptions to this rule occurred in 1888 and 1890, when the Republicans elected their candidates for the Chief Magistrate, although, in 1886 and 1878, they had failed to control the House of Representatives. The prevailing connection of the two contests being such as we have pointed out, it is natural that both political parties should look forward with anxiety to the outcome of the election for members of the House of Representatives, which will take place on the 8th of November next. So far as the State elections, which have been already held, are concerned, they throw no clear light upon the matter. Democratic States have gone Democratic and Republican States have gone Republican. The Republican majority in Vermont is, indeed, decidedly smaller than it was in 1896, but it is about as large as it ever is in the midway year of a Presidential term. The Republican majority in Maine, though also smaller than it was two years ago, is much larger than it ever has been in a midway year during the last thirty years, with the single exception of 1894, when the revolt against Cleveland's Hawaiian policy caused the Republicans to make a practically clean sweep of the Northern States.

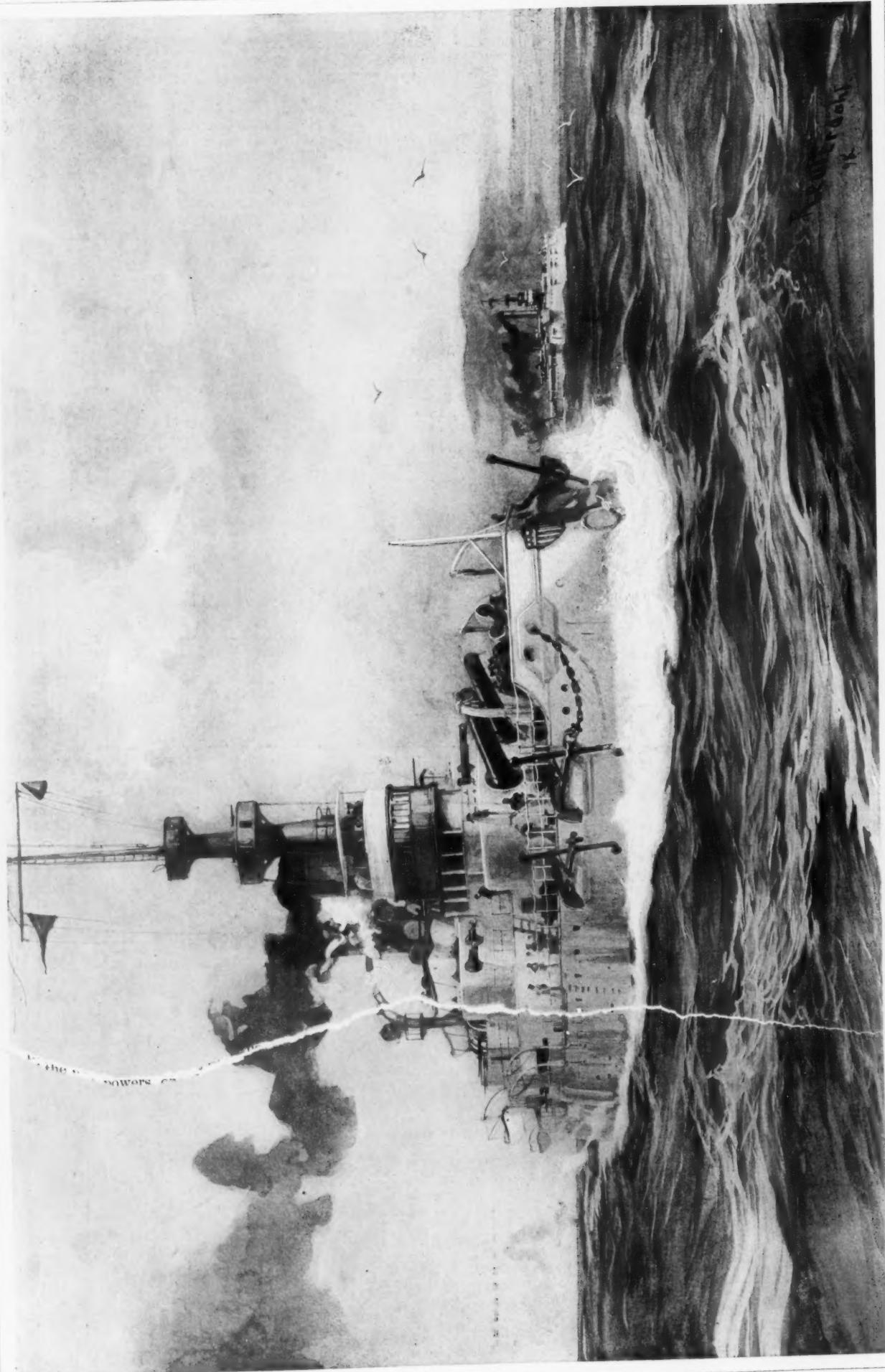
The effect of a war upon the fortunes of an Administration in a midway year cannot be easily foretold, for the precedents are conflicting. In November, 1862, the Republicans retained their control of the House of Representatives, although their conduct of the war had been extremely unsatisfactory, and had produced a sensible reaction in the State of New York. In 1848,

although the war with Mexico had been carried to a triumphant conclusion by a Democratic President, the Democrats failed to elect their candidate for Chief Magistrate. In 1814, the midway year of Madison's second administration, the Democrats remained masters of the House of Representatives, notwithstanding the conduct of the war, so far as land operations were concerned, had caused widespread discontent and had driven New England to the verge of secession. It cannot, therefore, be asserted that the lessons of experience give a party in power any right to count with absolute confidence upon success at the elections of a midway year, merely because it has been intrusted with the management of the nation's interests under the trying circumstances of war. We must look at the special case before us, and try to discover whether the administration of President McKinley has not, upon the whole, deserved well of the country. This question resolves itself into two inquiries: first, has the outcome of the war reflected great credit upon the United States, and assured to it great advantages; secondly, has that outcome been secured at too great a cost of blood and treasure. There can be no possible doubt about the answer to the first of these inquiries. When war was declared on April 21, it was taken for granted by all the military and naval experts in Europe, first, that the Spanish navy was more than a match for ours, and, secondly, that no land operations would be attempted by us before the close of the rainy season, which has not, even yet, arrived. That is to say, it was expected that, at the hour when we write, no fighting would have taken place, with the exception of some naval engagements, in which we should be fortunate if we proved able to hold our own. As a matter of fact, although the war began only about five months ago, it has been, for weeks, practically over, and we have gained far more than would have contented us at the opening of the contest. We should have been only too glad, had Spain, in the last week of April, offered to avert the need of resorting to hostilities by granting the independence of Cuba. It is even probable that, at that late hour, although we had already expended a good deal of money in preparations for a contest, we should have consented, in return for Spain's reluctant concession, to assume or guarantee at least a part of the so-called Cuban debt. Five months have passed, and what is the result? We have witnessed two great naval battles which, for us, were victories unparalleled, seeing that they cost us but a single man, while the opposing squadrons were annihilated. We have landed a body of troops in Santiago in the heart of the rainy season, and we have compelled the surrender of a military force larger than our own. We have occupied the great city of Manila, which holds in the Philippines the same dominant position which is held by Havana in the Spanish Antilles. We have taken Guam, a port in the Ladrones, which will prove of singular utility as a half-way house between Honolulu and Manila. We have received, finally, from Spain, a voluntary covenant to make peace immediately, upon terms such as could scarcely be looked for after a twelve-month of successful warfare. These terms will probably include, besides the recognition of our other conquests, an agreement that we shall occupy, with full sovereignty, the island of Luzon, if not the whole of the Philippine Archipelago. Luzon is a kingdom in itself, having an area equal to that of the State of New York, and a population of some four millions. Its cash value may be estimated from the fact that the Berlin Government is reported on good authority to have offered \$125,000,000 for Cebu, which is one of the smaller Philippines, and only about one-twentieth of the size of Luzon. We have, in a word, acquired, since April 21, a far larger territory than Germany secured from France in 1871.

We pass to the second question, Are the prizes of the war worth their cost? Of money, we have expended, in the prosecution of the contest, four hundred million dollars. Part of this sum has been already provided by a popular loan, but it is doubtful whether we needed to borrow a penny; so unexpectedly large are the receipts from the extra war taxes that they are expected to make good nearly, if not quite all, the outlay for military and naval purposes. As regards the loss of life in battle this has been small almost beyond precedent, when the proportions of the triumph gained are borne in mind. Undoubtedly, there have been many victims of diseases contracted in Cuba and Puerto Rico under conditions of exposure and hardship inseparable from campaigns in tropical regions during the rainy season. The sufferings of our soldiers from these causes have been, however, incomparably less than those undergone by the French army sent to San Domingo under the Consulate, and they have also been less than those which the Spanish troops themselves have had to bear. It would be absurd, of course, to contend that much of the mortality incurred in camps on our own soil might not have been avoided under an ideally perfect system of management. Unfortunately, there has never been an ideally perfect system of management in camps. The number of deaths from disease during our civil war—we mean, of course, in proportion to the number of men under the colors—was considerably larger than we have witnessed during the last five months. The Germans are supposed to have had in 1870 an admirable commissariat and remarkably effective arrangements for medical attendance. Nevertheless, at one time, during the Siege of Metz, nearly one-half of the army under Prince Frederick Charles is known to have been prostrated by illness, and the official statistics show that the deaths of soldiers from disease were more numerous

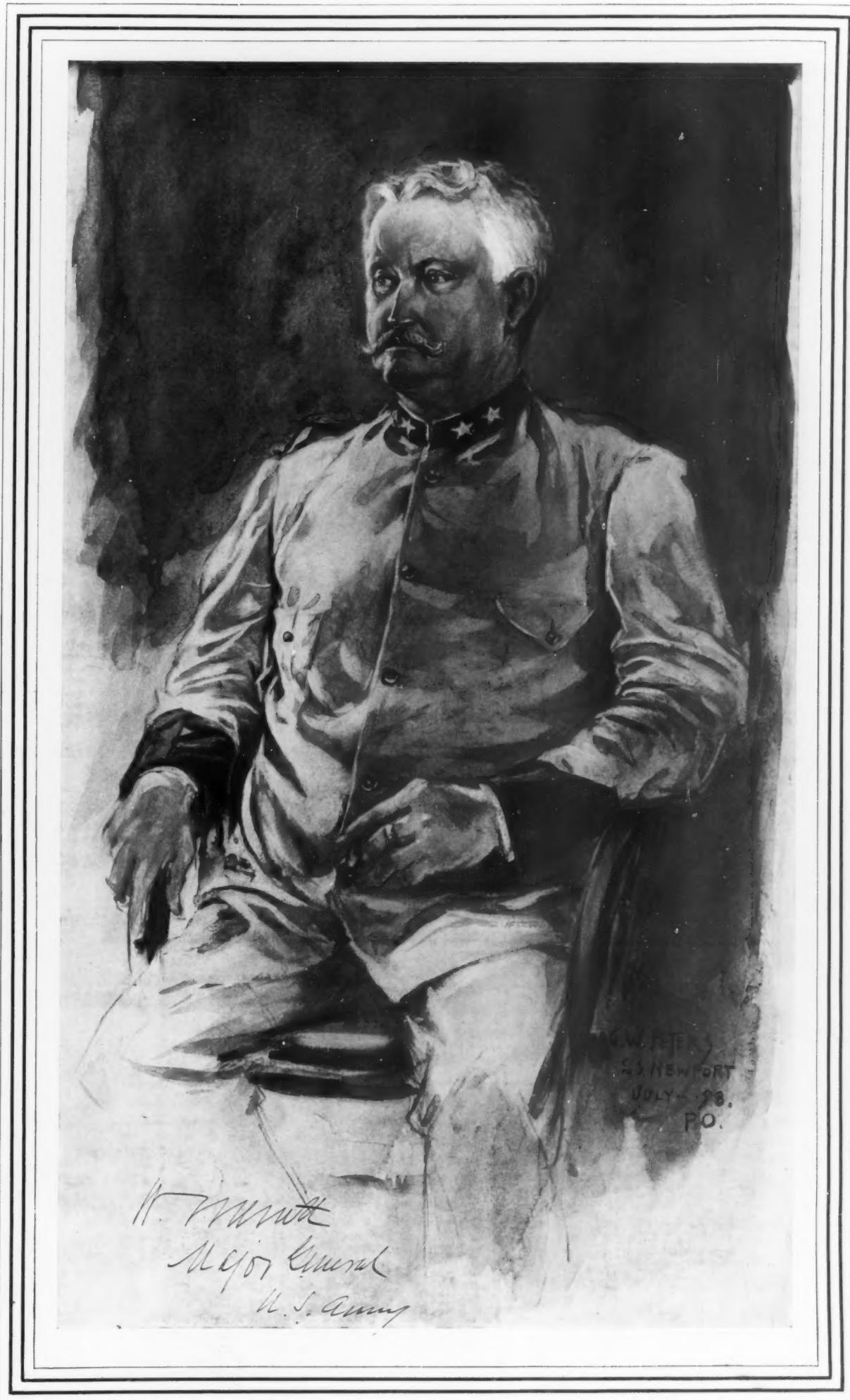
during the campaign of France in 1870-71 than they have been during our contest with Spain, the far greater size of the armies engaged and the greater duration of the conflict in the former case being, of course, taken into the calculation. If we compare the losses from disease experienced in the camps on our own soil during the last five months with those suffered in the camps around Washington while McClellan was organizing the army which he led to the Peninsula, we shall again find the comparison favorable to the recent contest. It has never yet been found practicable to bar disease out of camps, or to give those who unhappily contract it the care and comfort which they would receive at home or in a well-organized city hospital. Every man who enlists as a soldier knows, or ought to know, that what he has most to fear is not death in battle, but the insidious assault of disease aggravated by privation and neglect. It was this source of danger, and not the peril incident to the battlefield, which General Sherman had in mind when he declared that "war is hell." It was, indeed, to be expected that, in a suddenly created army of more than two hundred thousand volunteers, the commissary, quartermaster and medical departments would all exhibit grave defects, yet, as we have said, the percentage of mortality from disease was not, in point of fact, greater than was observed twenty-seven years ago in the German army, although that was reputed a model in respect of organization and equipment. That the friends of those who have personally suffered from the lack of suitable food or of proper medical attendance should vehemently reproach the officers responsible for such delinquencies is but natural, and commands our heartfelt sympathy. On the other hand, we have only reprobation and contempt for those newspapers which, for purposes obviously political, seek to divert attention from the glories to the blunders of the war, and exaggerate the gravity of shortcomings which have always been found inseparable from the management of armies.

In the great State of New York, the Republicans have a bright prospect of success, having determined to nominate for Governor, Theodore Roosevelt, a genuine hero of the war, who, after leading his command in battle, was foremost in demanding the removal of a large part of the soldiers to the United States, when the capture of Santiago had rendered their stay in Cuba needless. It will be difficult to make Colonel Roosevelt responsible for any of the mistakes of the commissary or Surgeon-General's department. He personifies the noble impulse which caused the American people to enter on a crusading contest for the liberation of Spain's oppressed dependencies. The despicable attempt to prove him ineligible for office on the score of a change of residence to Washington will recoil upon its engineers. Colonel Roosevelt is not the man deliberately to lose his vote, and he was well aware that the denizens of the District of Columbia are not permitted to take part in elections. No sane man doubts that, when he went to Washington, to occupy the post of Assistant Secretary of the Navy, he went thither with what the lawyers call an *animus revertendi*. He meant, as every other Federal officeholder means, to keep his vote in the place from which he came, which, in his case, was Oyster Bay, Long Island. He was, it is true, unwilling to pay taxes on his personal property in two places, and there is not a farmer or laboring man in the Empire Commonwealth who will not sympathize with his unwillingness. He should have been taxed in Oyster Bay, where he lived, and intended to vote, and, if the local assessors failed to place him upon their books in 1898, it is their fault, and not his. Even if he had made a mistake regarding his legal status in an affidavit, that would not deprive him of his right to vote and hold office in New York, for the highest judicial tribunal of that State has held that "residence" is to be ascertained not by the declaration of the party, but in view of all the facts. The State of New York cannot afford to lose a citizen with Theodore Roosevelt's record, and he never meant that it should lose him. Equally absurd to those who know him will seem the charge that he, if elected, will cover over any of the frauds that are said to have been committed by Republican officeholders under Governor Black in connection with the repairs of the Erie Canal. His whole public life gives the lie to that accusation. The nomination of such a man for the office of Governor will be rightly construed by the voters as affording conclusive proof that, if there are any scoundrels in the Republican party, the party itself is competent to deal with them, and will hold them to a rigorous account. That is why the scoundrels have opposed Roosevelt's nomination, and have not scrupled to league themselves with Democrats to thwart it. Our belief, in fine, is, that the selection of such a candidate assures the election of a Republican Governor in the State of New York. In other Northern States, the signs are that the Republicans will do at least as well as any dominant party has ever done in the midway year of a presidential term. There is always, at such a time, a tendency to reaction, which often, as we have pointed out, has caused an ominous defeat. In the present case, we believe that the Republicans, though not, perhaps, retaining their present great preponderance in the House of Representatives, will secure at least a sufficient majority to elect a Speaker and to render him efficient support. The war is not yet over; much less have the difficult problems growing out of it been solved. In view of these facts, the American people will take to heart Lincoln's injunction against swapping horses while crossing a stream.



OFF FOR MANILA.—U. S. BATTLESHIPS "OREGON" AND "IOWA," UNDER ORDERS TO JOIN ADMIRAL DEWEY

(From a Water-Color by HENRY REUTERDAHL.)



MAJOR-GENERAL WESLEY MERRITT, U. S. A.

(Painted on the Transport "Newport," en route to the Philippines, by GEORGE W. PETERS)

THE TRANS-MISSISSIPPI EXPOSITION

Illustrated by Photographs Copyrighted, 1898, by F. A. RINEHART, Omaha



CHIEF GOES-TO-WAR.
Sioux.

OW is it possible for the wild and untamed West to produce an exposition which shall be in any proper sense an artistic success? Such was the inquiry in 1892. It was admitted a great country, with measureless possibilities in a commercial way, pregnant with untold wonders of the industrial sort—a veritable eighth wonder, before which the Hanging Gardens of Babylon and the Colossus of Rhodes were as naught, if you considered the practical phases of

life alone. But what of the arts? Those who visited Vienna in 1878 and Paris in 1889 had much misgiving. Vienna and Paris, of all cities in the world, seemed specially fitted for the work of preparing a World's Fair. You could reach your hand out over city and in one night gather together a magnificent display of those things which form the chief feature of every such exhibition. Painting, statuary, bijouterie, bric-a-brac—these are the real attractions; and these are the sort of which the West was distinctly destitute. Great cornfields, splendid orchards, limitless cattle ranges were all magnificent in their way, but as a contribution to an artistic World's Fair they meant little or nothing.

It was not surprising, therefore, that there should be an abundant prophecy of evil before the Columbian Exposition. What more natural than to say that, out of the necessities of the case, it must be simply an enlarged county fair, where the principal attractions would be the pumpkin and the bumpkin? Yet we all know how the soothsayers were covered with confusion; how from this intensely practical, corn-raising, lumber-producing, pork-packing and cattle-shipping community there came an astounding display of the best type of *fin de siècle* culture. Naught was expected of Nazareth, yet here was brought to fruition the artistic labor of the world for all the centuries.

A distinguished English novelist, traveling in America, expressed great surprise over one phase of our national life. "With us," said he, "London is the center, not alone in commerce, but in all things. It is the literary center, it is the art center, it is the center of all phases of the higher life of the British Empire. But here it is not so. You are as likely to find great erudition in a small Western village where, least of all, you would look for it, as in Boston or New York. I myself was amazed to find Hegel and Kant lying on a drawing-room table in a frontier town, away beyond the Missouri River. Such is the outcome of this strange, cosmopolitan people."

Surprising as the Chicago World's Fair proved to be, it was, nevertheless, in a certain sense, a disappointment. Taking its inspiration from people accustomed to great things, it was, perhaps, to be expected that the enterprise would assume colossal proportions, but to the casual looker-on, who visited the White City, there was an embarrassment of riches. The magnificent specimens of landscape gardening, the dream of beauty embodied in the Court of Honor, the perfect examples of Grecian architecture as seen in the buildings, the shady nooks of the Wooded Island, the electric fountains, with the prismatic searchlight resting and merging in ever-changing hues on statue and pinnacle—these and a thousand other beauties held the eye and stupefied the mind with wonderment. One felt bewildered at the magnificence of the feast spread before him, and when at last poor, tired nature demanded her needful rest, and he was forced through sheer exhaustion to leave the grounds, it was with the conviction that a complete and comprehensive view was impossible. It would have occupied the full six months to have gained an adequate knowledge of this grandest of exhibitions.

Not so with Omaha. Her people very wisely decided that her exposition should, as its name implies, be chiefly American and especially representative of the Trans-Mississippi States. While Chicago abounded in exhibits demonstrating the wealth and cultivation of other nations, Omaha shows the principal resources of our own. Foreigners learn from it that their idea of the empire that constitutes the great West is a mistaken one; that the buffalo does not roam over its fertile prairies and that the Indian is no longer a source of terror—that, in fact, "The West" in the frontier sense that the term is implied no longer exists.

The Omaha Fair is the first American exposition to pay operating expenses the first month; even up to the middle of July the receipts were far in excess of the current expenses. And yet

nobody in connection with the affair expected it would pay out during the months of June and July; for the first two months of the Columbian Exposition of 1893 were marked by an average attendance so low that its managers became alarmed and frantic appeals were made to the railroads to save the Fair.

The people began early to realize that the Omaha Exposition was artistically the peer of any American exposition. The scale upon which it was built is not so large as that of the World's Fair, yet the area covered approximates two hundred acres, and the expenditure reached almost three million dollars.

Architecturally, the Omaha Fair is in many respects superior to the Chicago Exposition, comparison with which seems to be inevitable, for the latter set the pace for all later attempts. When the Illinois commissioners visited Omaha to dedicate the Illinois State building, the opinion was freely expressed that the Grand Court presented features of higher artistic merit than did the Court of Honor, which was the crowning glory of the Chicago Fair.

The illuminations of the great structures are beautiful beyond description. This feature eclipses any former effort at electrical illumination and marks the wonderful strides which the electricians are making in a branch of science whose limitations have not yet been reached and whose possibilities lead almost to the infinite.

No description, no counterfeit presentment of the picture, can do justice to the exquisite lines of architecture which dominate and enoble the Grand Court, nor can pencil portray the enchanting view at night when myriad lights seem to transform the massive structures into palaces of fairyland. Entering on Sherman Avenue, and standing upon the great viaduct which connects the main and bluff tracts, a magnificent panorama is presented to view. At your feet lie



WHITE-BUFFALO.
Cheyenne.



SPIES-ON-THE-ENEMY.
Cheyenne.

the waters of the Grand Canal, stretching away to the west; grass-plots and plants and flowers blend in harmony along its sides. Follow with your eye the long line of the canal, and there, rising like an architectural dream out of the waters of the clover-shaped mirror lake before it, rises a building which is, in truth, a very palace of royalty. It is the Federal building, the Government's contribution to the Exposition, and excels anything which up to this time has emanated from the architects' office at Washington. In perfection of proportion, in those fine lines which denote true art, it must demand the highest praise. On the north side of the Grand Canal is a row of notable buildings given over to the world's great industries.

In the Hall of Manufactures is illustrated the wonderful advance made in the economics of life through the invention and skill of Yankee genius. The building, though not to be compared in the matter of size with the monster building at Jackson Park, affords ample room for a vast and varied exhibit.

The Agricultural building is filled with the choicest of Mother Earth's products in this wonderful agricultural country.

Then comes the Administration building, one of the most beautiful architectural designs upon the grounds, and distinguished by its slender pinnacle and graceful arch; it is decorated with symbolic statuary.

Immediately across the lagoon, and facing the Administration building, is the "Arch of States," the grand central entrance to the Main Court. The conjunction of the Administration building, the graceful bridge and the noble "Arch of States" at this point produce a most striking and beautiful effect.

The last building on the north shore of the lagoon is the Girls' and Boys' building, so called because the young folks of the West contributed the funds for its erection. It is one hundred feet

square, and in it is a hall for entertainments, lectures, etc. Its purpose is much the same as that of the Women's building at Chicago.

Flanking the Grand Canal on the south is another row of buildings—large and handsome. First on the east is the Auditorium, in which the great musical, literary and general entertainments are given. It is interesting to note in passing that fully ninety conventions have been held in Omaha this season, without counting the political gatherings.

Mines and mining occupy the next building. The exhibits are of general interest, and Colorado figures largely in the display of precious ores. The Liberal Arts building contains displays varied in character and highly interesting in all respects. A gem of architecture is the Fine Arts building, really twin structures, separated by a court around which is a peristyle. The exhibition of paintings and sculpture is very large. This ends the list of the buildings which surround the canal.

Rivaled in architecture only by the noble Federal building is the Horticultural building, situated on the Bluff Tract and forming the southern base of the park in which are situated the State buildings. The architect aimed at a unique result, and he certainly has succeeded in securing a strikingly beautiful structure, with splendid masses and excellent grouping. The decorations are modeled from flowers, foliage and fruits. The buildings of the States occupy the surrounding plots of ground, through which wind macadam walks and roads, and around which lie massive flower gardens and shrubbery fields, varied by shady nooks and arbored walks, with peeps out over the river valley, all of the most picturesque and inviting character.

Further north lies the Passing Show, the counterpart of the Midway at Chicago. There are found the Streets of All Nations, with the white donkeys and the frolicsome boys, the lumbering camels, the attractive mosque with its slender, heaven-pointing minaret, the snake-charmer, the fortune-teller, and the antique shop.

The Moorish Village is finished in the style of the Alhambra, and contains a traditional labyrinth, Bedouin camps, stalls for the sale of bijouterie, and all the other quaint and interesting features of life in northern Africa.

One exhibition continues to attract great crowds. It is a typical old-time plantation scene, with growing cotton, sugar cane and tobacco, with cakewalks galore, and the other exhibitions of life in the South "befo' de wah, sah."

Then there is a giant seesaw from Nashville, shooting the chutes, a naval battle cyclorama, Wild West shows, Chinese village and Japanese tea-garden—indeed, the amusement features are numerous and varied enough to suit every taste.

The North Tract is devoted to the science of agriculture in all its branches. The cultivation of the sugar beet is here demonstrated, and an irrigated farm on small scale presents an exhibit of approved methods of operation. The great exhibit of farm implements excels any former display of this nature; in fact, the tiller of the soil will find innumerable objects of particular interest. On this part of the grounds is a large reservation for the Congress of Indians. Delegations from almost every tribe in the Union have been on the grounds at one time or another. Each type is exhibited in appropriate costume, with weapons, utensils, industrial appliances, ceremonial objects, burial structures and handiwork. Their games, their solemn festivals, their peculiar customs and their natural surroundings are reproduced. In connection with these, illustrations of savage life, of aboriginal life, habits and customs, and the paraphernalia of the plains, mountains, lakes and forests, their homes, exhibits of their industrial advancement, their school work and other incidents of their slow but sure movement toward civilization and



AFRAID-OF-EAGLE.
Sioux.



THREE-FINGERS.
Cheyenne.

enlightenment are prominent. The Indian Department at Washington has placed at the disposal of the Exposition its facilities, office force and field employees for making up this notable exhibit, and the Indian "Congress" is one of the strongest, most original and most interesting features of the Exposition. It is the last opportunity of seeing the American Indian as a savage, for the government work now in progress will lift the savage Indian into American citizenship before this generation passes into history, and the onward march of American civilization and American industry will wipe off the maps of the United States the Indian reservation and wipe off the face of the earth the reservation Indian.

The exposition is what it promised to be—the most complete and comprehensive exhibition of its class in the history of this country. No attempt was made to rival the World's Fair; but almost all of the States are represented, so the Nebraska enterprise has assumed national proportions.

A pleasing novelty of the exposition has been the connecting of the buildings by means of colonnades, so that the visitor may start at one end of the Grand Canal, completely encircle it—a distance of over a mile and a half—and remain in pleasant shade throughout the walk.

An international exposition means any number of things to the visitor. To some it is a matter of instruction pure and simple, so, with interested faces and tired feet, they travel miles picking up knowledge, but missing material for dreams to last for years to come.

There is so much to see and do at an exposition that one is quite appalled by the magnitude of it, and it is interesting to see how the different people are guided as if by instinct to his or her particular fad. The apparent aimlessness of some is delightful to the person who is not "doing" the exposition with a desire to regulate the amount registered of each individual exhibit; and it is these in whom a taste for the picturesque predominates.

It is generally conceded that the Trans-Mississippi Exposition buildings at Omaha are beautiful beyond expectation, that the Bluff Tract (overlooking the Missouri River), with its State buildings and great flaunting Horticultural palaces, is artistic to a degree, and that the many bits of color, the foreignness, and mixed life on the "Midway" furnish vast field for the seeker of the picturesque.

To see the Grand Court at sunset, with all its white palaces reflected in the glowing depths of the lagoon, the sun's rays kindling the gilded dome of the great Federal Building in a blaze of glory, the flags in their variety of colors and softened outline, the lagoon covered with the crinkled ripples of moving launches and gondolas, is to witness a miracle of harmony that cannot but overflow the hearts of even the hypercritical. As the sun drops lower, new phases of loveliness appeal to us; soft shadows creep about statuary and turret, and disclose new effects of light and shade, until the observer unconsciously transfers the perishable "staff" into pure Carrara marble and carries the illusion still further when the electrical illumination takes place and the great fountain, with its constantly changing colors, makes a dazzling phantasmagoria.

The palaces, turrets, domes and statuary combine to give the Grand Court its pre-eminence and make it the central point in the panorama of the exposition. West of the Grand Court and the two graceful Casinos is a large space called The Plaza, on which is a really superb piece of architecture bearing the commonplace name "The Band Stand." There is nothing restless or forced in the design of this structure; there is a noble, tranquil dignity in its straight lines and big arch. It is instinct with loftiness, strength and grace. One has an indefinable sense of rest and satisfaction in coming to it by night or by day, and I fancy that it will never be ruthlessly torn down, but that in some way it will be preserved in all its stately beauty.

In front of this arch, on special days when speeches are in order, the multitude congregate. On the day of Colonel Bryan's departure it was most interesting to watch the great sea of faces upturned to the speaker, who with his regiment had already received marching orders. To any lover of his kind a great crowd offers a much more imposing spectacle than military pageantry, and surely in the black acres of humanity that were packed in the broad Plaza and extended over the viaduct and far down the Midway, the seeker of types had an ample field to explore. Of late years the picturesque in dress has been steadily on the wane; we must go to foreign lands to find any variety of costume and color, and artists must make long pilgrimages for quaint effects and types. Here, however, the pilgrimages had been made by the picturesque itself, and, in a way, the four corners of the earth had congregated together, when the Third Regiment was on the grounds. The strange people of the Midway had escaped from their proper hiding-places and were mingling with the crowd, and there was also a group of American Indians, wrapped in their blankets, their strong faces and massive bodies towering a head higher than the surrounding crowd. There were bits of bright color in the native costumes of some Greeks who had wandered from their artistic corner of the Far East. There were cowboys and darkies, of

course. A bit of Fez and Nuremberg, a glimpse of China and Japan, an Egyptian in costume—all mingled with the good-natured American crowd, while the pop-corn man and the venders of programmes and official guides tricked out in red of the most agonizing tint, shouted their wares in the customary "show" fashion.

COLORADO'S FESTIVAL WEEK

(Special Correspondence of *COLLIER'S WEEKLY*)

DENVER, September 24, 1898

ACH year when the Indian Summer is upon the land—and it nowhere makes the land more beautiful than in the Rocky Mountain region—Zebulon Zoo, the King of Frivolity, calls together his cohorts, and the city of Denver screams with delight at the scenes that are enacted by the hirelings of Zebulon Zoo for the benefit of the residents and the thousands of visitors.

October 4, 5 and 6 are the dates set for the celebration of 1898. The visit of Zebulon Zoo is an annual occurrence, but the celebration this year will be on a more magnificent scale than ever before attempted. In previous years the Festival of Mountain and Plain, as the celebration is known, has been little more than a local event, only Colorado and the States immediately surrounding her participating. This year it will be a Trans-Mississippi jubilee. The coming celebration will be the fourth, and in four years the Festival has gained great popularity with the people of the West.

The number of visitors who will be in the city during the carnival week has been estimated at from sixty-five thousand to eighty thousand, although the board of direction of the Festival are preparing to entertain at least one hundred thousand people. The board has secured by subscription from prominent merchants and citizens of Denver fifty thousand dollars, which will be expended in entertaining those who are in the city during carnival week.

One of the largest grand stands ever erected in the West has been built close to the center of the city. The stand is semi-decagon in shape, and will accommodate about twelve thousand people. The space within has been floored, and while the holders of seats are waiting for the parades to pass a continuous performance will be given. The entire stand will be covered, and many new methods of lighting it at night will be used. Across the principal streets of the city at the street intersections and at every half-block will be strung innumerable incandescent lights. The colors of the Festival are silver and gold, emblematic of the great resources of the State in these metals, and the buildings of the city fairly groan under the profuse decorations, in which the national colors and the yellow and white of the Festival play equally important parts.

When the time for decorating the buildings arrives the enthusiasm of the people always grows rampant; not satisfied with such decoration as they can place upon buildings, the telegraph-poles are called into service. Even the street cars and everything that can be called conveyances—drays, carriages, bicycles, and even the fire trucks of the city—are decorated.

The very best people of Denver are interested in the Festival, and to them is due the remarkable success which has annually attended the efforts to make it equal to the famous Mardi Gras of New Orleans. The following list of the Board of Direction contains also the names of many who helped to make the city. They are: D. H. Moffat, Rodney Curtis, E. Monash, S. M. Allen, Wolfe Londoner, T. S. McMurray, Earl B. Cope, J. R. Schermerhorn, C. F. Wilson, George Ady, M. C. Wheeler, W. J. Parkinson, O. P. Bauer, S. E. Roberts, J. W. Fleming, T. J. Underhill, F. C. Smutler, D. A. Barton, R. E. MacCracken, W. E. Bates, Charles Kibler, P. Feldhauser, Robert F. Hunter, T. E. Fisher, I. N. Stevens, J. J. Joslin, S. K. Hooper, C. H. Reynolds, M. J. McNamara, and W. N. Byers. Most of these men have been identified with the celebration since it was first attempted, and, profiting by the experience they have gained in four years and the large increase in the amount of money given them to spend, they have prepared a three days' programme that has never been equaled in the West.

The Festival will open at 1.30 o'clock Tuesday, Oct. 4. During the afternoon of the first day there will be a grand spectacular pageant and parade in which will appear more than fifty floats. This parade will be divided into three divisions, as follows: First division—historical, allegorical and patriotic floats. Second division—decorative display by the Denver Fire Department. Third division—decorated carriages. In the first division of this parade there will be several elaborate floats on which artists have been working for several months past. In previous years the parade of the first day has always been considered the great feature of the Festival, and this year will be no exception, although the parade will be on somewhat different lines. It will be absolutely free from advertising matter of any description.

The Fire Department of Denver is one of the boasts of the city, and the men of the department have made creditable displays every year, but this is the first time that they have ever been honored with a division of the parade. There has been much said regarding this feature of the

parade, and it is being looked forward to with a great deal of interest. Decorated carriages form the division that is given over to society; Denver's finest horses and turnouts will appear in it, and be driven by Denver's most select society people. A great deal of money is spent in friendly rivalry over this display. Since decorated carriages were first introduced as a feature of the Festival, the interest in them has increased, and it is expected that this year more money will be spent by the "Four Hundred" of Denver in arranging its display than for any other single feature of the three-day jubilee.

City Park, which is the leading resort of Denver, is the people's playground during those three days. On the evening of the first day there will be a fifteen-thousand-dollar pyrotechnic display at the Park under the direction of Pain. At the same time there will be a display of biograph pictures in front of the big grand stand downtown.

The second day's festivities will be ushered in with the commencement of a band contest in which twenty bands will compete. In the afternoon of the second day there will be a great peace jubilee, to which all the heroes of the late war have been invited, and General Sexton of the Grand Army of the Republic and General J. R. Gordon of the Confederate Veterans will ride in the same carriage. On the same afternoon an Indian attack and a representation of the famous Indian battle of Sand Creek will be given by cowboys and Indians. At 7.30 o'clock there will be the parade of the Silver Serpents—the social order of the Festival—and at 10 o'clock this order will hold its annual ball, which is the great event of the year in Denver.

The last day of the carnival is devoted to unbounded mirth. During the afternoon a great carnival parade will be given, and from the conclusion of the parade until 6 o'clock there will be a general masking. For this purpose the principal streets of the city are roped off in order to keep out all vehicles and street cars, and the maskers make as much noise and do as much mischief as possible. At night a great open-air masked ball, which will be the grand finale of the three days' celebration, will be given in the open space inside the grand stand.

W. E. C.

THE TAKING OF KHARTOUM

WITH the capture of Omdurman, the new Khartoum, England has scattered to the winds of the trackless desert the power of the rebellious Dervishes in the Southern Sudan. Incidentally, she has fearfully avenged the murder of "Chinese" Gordon. Also, there is presented to the admiring eyes of the world the spectacle of a most admirably conducted military campaign, the march of the Anglo-Egyptian army; a campaign practically flawless in conception and execution. England may now forget her part in the "Aggressions in the East," of long ago, the memories of which have rankled in the hearts of Englishmen, lo! these many years. For Khartoum has fallen.

The Soudan has been a scene of misrule, and a fertile source of trouble to England ever since the inception of the Protectorate. It is an elephant won in a lottery. The men of the desert are rebels by trade and defiers of authority; besides, they have experienced an infinite variety of misrule: Egyptian, Turk, Mahdi and Khalifa, the people of the Soudan have suffered from them all. In endeavoring to straighten out the tangles of her swarthy foster-children, England has had her own share of hard luck. From 1877, when Gordon, unable to satisfactorily handle the vexatious Slavery Problem in that portion of the Dark Continent, resigned as governor-general, down to 1884, Mohammed Achmet, known as the Mahdi, dominated the country. The thews and sinews of his power were represented by hordes of desert tribesmen and fanatical Dervishes crazed with religious enthusiasm. And these men of the desert are brave. Whatever failings they may possess, there is no doubt about their being "first chop" fighting men. In 1883 they crumpled up the squares of the veteran Hicks Pasha, who tried to make his escape through them with a small army of British and Egyptian troops. Khartoum, the city of sonorous name, now in ruins, was at that time under British control—or, at least, the city was occupied by the forces of Great Britain. From that City of Doleful Memory, poor Hicks Pasha, and his handful of soldiers, black and white, wandered away into the desert wastes, with the intention of fetching El Obeid. In time, came tidings back to Khartoum, in the mouth of a ragged refugee. From him it was learned that the army of Hicks Pasha had stumbled upon the Mahdist and had been wiped off the face of the African map.

Afterward, England tried to pacify the Soudan with other Expeditions, but failed to accomplish anything in particular. The Mahdi and his turbaned tribesmen continued to trade in "Black Ivory," and cut throats at their leisure. In the winter of 1883-84 England cast about, seeking a man accustomed to grappling with barbarians, and beating them into a bearable semblance of Christian civilization and Christian conduct. Charles George Gordon was selected again, for it was conceded that he possessed the necessary qualities. Undeterred by the fact that a former failure in the Soudan stared him in the face, and only remembering that "God stood by him" when



he went up against the Tai Ping rebels in China, armed only with his eternal rattan cane and backed by a mob of cowardly coolies who preferred suicide to death in honorable fight, General Gordon set out for the scene of operations in the spring of 1884, and, in time, appeared before the walls of Khartoum, gladdening the eyes of the anxious garrison, weary with watching and waiting through long weeks of suspense. But England practiced economy with Gordon; his expeditionary force, combined with the mixed garrison of Khartoum, did not present a formidable front: of English and Egyptian troops he had but a trifle above three thousand men. Besides, the greater part of the soldiers had but little training—and disaffection was clothed in uniform. Gordon was in the position of those other English officers who commanded native garrisons during the Indian Mutiny. Nevertheless the undaunted soldier set his hand to his work and took no thought about eventualities, for that was his way.

For a time the dust-swept desert seethed and growled ominously behind the rocky headlands of the Nile, and it came to pass that Gordon, despite his tranquil courage, paced the ramparts and stared out over the dreary sand dunes by day, and at night watched the sky-line, illuminated by ominous fires of signal, for that succor which never came. Lord Wolseley's Relief Expedition, sent to the aid of Khartoum, had failed. His lordship's forces were maneuvered like the army of the illustrious Brian Boru; he marched them out of Cairo, and he marched them back again. In another part of Africa, it is said Speke turned back when he heard Burton was ahead. It was written in the Great Book of Fate that Gordon's time was come. He was needed elsewhere. On a day, came forth El Mahdi, and, trooping and patterning at his horse's heels, an endless swarm of imps; black, grinning spear-men, Dervishes armed with English rifles, outland tribesmen from Kababish, the Bayuda Steppes and the Nubian Desert; fanatical soldiers who fought for the love and lust of fighting, and to achieve Heaven; for it was well-known to the cohorts of El Mahdi that the only true and unswerving highway to realms of perfect bliss started precisely upon the point of a British bayonet. It is little wonder that, against the armor supplied to the true believer, by the teachings of Mahdism, Birmingham steel and Woolwich bullets proved ineffectual. The Mahdi overwhelmed the slender garrison and captured the city, and the insatiable Sudan sands drank up the best blood of England. The gallant Gordon was killed and the muddy waters of the Blue and White Nile, joining together before Khartoum, rippled peacefully on toward the sea. The light-hearted tribesmen danced among the dead, gibing and mocking, like a multiplied Marquis de Carabas, and, when they tired, turned their exultant faces to the East, giving praise to Allah; for it was plain the God of the English had abandoned his people. With the passing of "Chinese" Gordon, went out the light of one of the most inexplicable characters of modern times, whose true story reads like a preposterous romance.

It is fourteen years since the fall of Khartoum and the death of Gordon. For fourteen years England has waited and pondered over her amazing bad luck in evangelizing the benighted heathen through the instrumentality of bullets and cold steel. Far away, in the Soudan, El Mahdi passed on his way. He was succeeded by the Khalifa. El Mahdi was bad enough, in all conscience, a Very Father of Mischief; but the Khalifa proved to be simply an unmitigated and utterly depraved ruffian, without the saving grace of any brand of religion. El Mahdi was an African Francis I.; the Khalifa is the embodiment of Henry VIII.; both precious rascals.

But England has had another try at the Soudan, and she has succeeded beyond her most sanguine expectations. Throughout the Great Desert, the cry goes forth, accompanied by fleeing black legs, gray-drawn, despairing faces, and blood-drenched garments: "Khartoum is fallen! Khartoum the Ancient—Khartoum the Impregnable—Khartoum protected by Special Favor of Mahomet's Countenance—and the Forts of Omdurman. Allah sleeps!" Like the monks of La Trappe, they wander, wailing Dervishes of the night, saying as they fly by—"Brother, we must die."

The nations of the world—with, perhaps, an exception—are ringing with the fame of a man who carries upon his shoulders the head of a Barye tiger—"Sirdar" Kitchener. "Tommy Atkins" and the loyal Egyptian contingent come in for their share of admiration, too. It is apparent that General Kitchener knows his business, and that he has efficient officers in subor-

dinate command; officers properly schooled in their profession; not unduly wasteful of the lives of common soldiers. That is why twenty-five thousand troops were enabled to go against sixty thousand and beat them soundly. Kitchener is not Khalifa. The progress of the Anglo-Egyptian army along the Nile—overcoming every obstacle, braving a pitiless enemy, under a sky of burnished copper, in the stoke-hot heat of the broiling sun, consumed by fevers which laid low hundreds of his men—is a model for military strategists, the High Priests of modern warfare. With a superbly trained and well-seasoned force of twenty-five thousand men, one part British and two parts Egyptian; with a gun-carrying camel corps, batteries of artillery, siege cannon, native infantry (Egyptian and Soudanese), a couple of regiments of British cavalry, half a dozen squadrons of native cavalry, and other arms—the most picturesque array ever witnessed—General Kitchener, the commander-in-chief, departed from Cairo, to make his way along the far-flung reaches of historic old Nile, to the frowning forts of Khartoum; and if the "Star-eyed Goddess" had been alive, she would have opened wide her violet eyes at sight of Kitchener's legionaries of '98. The railroad, the American locomotives and the telegraph and telephone, would have puzzled her a bit, as well. This glittering snake of war—this motley strange procession of English and Jaalins, Arabs and hussars, Soudanese, fusileers and lancers; attired in red coats, white helmets, linen robes, fezes of any color; singing anthems (of the type of "Billy Barlow" and "Garry Owen"), beating tom-toms and playing Jewsharps—for many days made its way along the course of the river. By day the troops sweated profusely and cursed the climate; by night they held "sing-songs," and smoking parties; and the gunboatmen would come ashore and mingle with the "sojers," and maybe get a cavalry horse, or even an unappreciative mule, to hold and pet; and so realize a sailorman's idea of unalloyed ecstasy. Every foot of the way, the Expedition was dogged and harassed by an enemy as tactically irritating and as mercilessly untiring as the Cossacks that hung on to Napoleon "all the way from Moscow," an enemy that had never heard of the Convention of Geneva, and mistook the Red Cross for battle flag. But the star of the British shone brightly in the East. In the engagements of Firket, Kosheh and Atbara, and in many lesser affairs, the Dervishes were trounced with beautiful and systematic regularity. At the pitched battle of Atbara, despite desperate and headlong courage, the enemy met with a crushing defeat, and Mahmoud was captured. After Atbara, the future began to look dismal for the Khalifa Abdullah Administration. The tribesmen, brought in by scouting parties, summed up the situation frankly: "It is not that we fear the red soldier, nor his rifle," they said; "we have beaten him before; we have stabbed him in the buttons of his coat of blood with Feringhee steel, and shot him with Feringhee guns, and cut off his ridiculous Feringhee head, and stuck it on a pole. But now we perceive he comes carrying boats and bullocks and braying asses of burden with him, and much food with him, and mysterious talking water in bottles; that he may not sicken of fever. We perceive, too, he has tobacco in plenty, and sings much and strikes his hands together, like the patterning of raindrops on the rocks. These latter are bad signs. In our hearts we begin to doubt this Khalifa of ours. Besides, we think Khartoum is unhealthy at this season."

Ten miles a day, through cataracts, over burning sands, and under the blazing sun, the British continued their steady progress; irresistible as the March of Time. On one bank of the river the army of the Sirdar; on the other, enlisted Arabs, once fierce enemies of the English, now their

allies. At Wad Hamed, the troops were massed, and thence proceeded up the left bank. Ten miles a day, accompanied by the puffing gun-boats, until the hour approached when the great march came to an end. When the dome of the Mahdi's tomb, and then the white walls of the doomed city, loomed fair in sight. And the Khalifa knew the English had come at last, for the bones of their beloved Gordon, and to pay off old scores, and he began buckling on his knives.

Early in the morning, a dull, hollow booming down riverways, like the dropping of spaded earth on coffin lids, announced to the Sirdar's army that the gunboats had opened the ball, and were bombarding the forts. Shortly thereafter, the enemy, taking the initiative on the land side, attacked the British camp. The Dervishes flung themselves into the blood and raff of battle with a bravery that was simply appalling. The old wolf, the Khalifa, had fought in him yet, despite his reverses. Into a withering zone of fire which no European troops would have faced; up the thin red lines of the spitting Lee-Metfords and Martinis, the yelling demons charged again and again, their white-robed figures fluttering, leaping, dropping, in the smoke and spume of battle. But their valor availed them nothing. They met fighting men that outfought them. Blind courage was pitted against training, and the training was the better. When the Dervishes finally retreated, they left thousands of their dead piled up, to be trampled upon by the steadily advancing British. But the advance was hotly contested. Toward Omdurman the battle raged furiously. As the tide of fighting ebbed and flowed across the British front, the enemy massed on the right for a final desperate charge on the flank. The Sirdar swung his army into position and received them with a pointblank hail of bullets that cut them up in ghastly furrows and bowled them over among the rocks like struck rabbits. The Khalifa retreated within Omdurman. In the afternoon, the British again advanced upon the walls of the city. Here the Dervishes made their last hopeless stand, huddled in sporadic groups; and here it was that the picturesque Egyptian soldiers, fighting against their own blood, and led by English officers, swept them up like chaff on a barn floor. The story of the plunging charge of the Twenty-first Lancers through a massed body of the enemy, coming through blood-soaked and sorely diminished in numbers, only to promptly "form up" for the ride back by the same crimson channel of death, reads like an epic—and seems to have been as useless as the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava.

There is little more to tell. The Khalifa fled, an outlaw, toward Kordofan, traveling incognito, like the Prince of Bagdad, but accompanied by a handful of chiefs and fighting men to guard his worthless life through a land made desolate by his own hand, and the British entered the big fallen city. The new Khartoum was in possession of the English, and the Sirdar, General Sir Herbert Kitchener (who will soon have an alphabet attached to his name), hoisted the British and Egyptian flags over the palace, where they flutter to-day far above a maze of narrow streets and a multitude of adobe houses. The somber standard of Khalifa Abdullah trails in the dust. It is now but a trophy of war. In the Soudan there are now many good Dervishes, for they lie dead in thousands. Omdurman and Khartoum have done with Mahdism for a while—until another Prophet shall arise in the Desert, and England shall have her work cut out for her again.

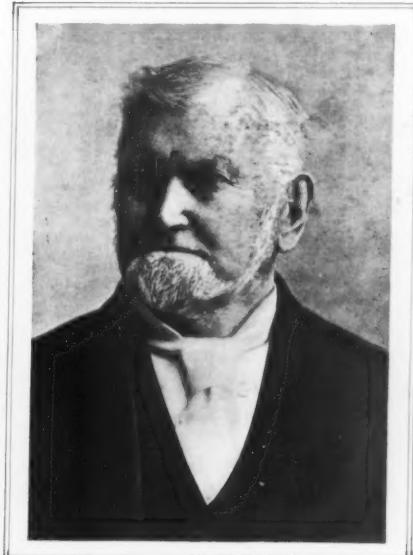


WILFORD WOODRUFF, LATE MORMON PRESIDENT

WHEN the far Western States learned of the death of Wilford Woodruff, fourth president of the Mormon Church, they were stirred as they could not have been by the disappearance of any other public man. Although Mr. Woodruff was more than ninety years of age, his force of character and his hold upon the Mormon people seemed to lack no particle of their original strength, and as the Mormon Church is believed to be a secret political organization as well as a religious society, and has large colonies in all States contiguous to Utah, he was suspected by most "Gentiles," and his influence was feared by not a few.

Mr. Woodruff, like all other pillars of Mormonism, was of Yankee stock—of the class that is restless, through peculiarities of mental constitution, regarding religion. He was born and reared in Connecticut, near Hartford, at a time when sectarian bickerings formed the principal outlet of native intellect. Being a matter-of-fact man in the extreme, he had no patience with any creed or faith that left room for doubt or even wonder. So when, in his twenty-seventh year, he heard the gospel of Mormonism, with its direct, latter-day revelations, he made haste to embrace the new faith and to teach it. No one who knew him could doubt his sincerity of belief and honesty of purpose; his earnestness and strength of character were evident at a glance, so his church at once set him at missionary work. He made many converts wherever he went in the United States, so he was afterward sent to Europe. In England he made a profound impression; itinerant preachers in the British Isles have generally a small following and but little influence, but Woodruff's rugged earnestness compelled the attention of all classes of listeners, while his promises of direct revelations from heaven and free farms from the church caused many hundreds of low-grade English families to emigrate to the Mormon settlements in the United States.

When the "revelation" of polygamy to Joseph Smith, the inventor of Mormonism, caused the Mormons to be driven out of Illinois, Woodruff was one of Brigham Young's most trusted assistants in the migration to Utah; for the young missionary had displayed great executive ability as well as much tact in the management of men. As one of the "Twelve Apostles" Woodruff became prominent in the management of the material affairs of the church; these were great from the first, for the Mormons "held all things in common," and its holdings in Utah were practically the entire real estate, crops, herds and other property of all of its members. Naturally Woodruff took part in the armed resistance of



WILFORD WOODRUFF, FOURTH PRESIDENT OF THE MORMON CHURCH

the Mormons to the government of the United States, and he did all else in his power to keep Gentiles out of the land which he believed had been set apart by Heaven for the exclusive use of "The Church of God of Latter-Day Saints."

Had not the precious metals been found in Utah, and all adjoining territories, the "Saints" might have been left undisturbed; for Utah was not inviting, agriculturally, to emigrants from the East. When, however, the Gentiles in Utah itself became about as numerous as the Mormons, and the surrounding territories began to fill with settlers, the national government was compelled in the interest of morality and decency to stamp out polygamy, or at least to compel this "twin relic of barbarism" to hide itself. Brigham Young had died; his successor as president, John Taylor, ran away to escape arrest for polygamy and died while dodging officers of the law. The church was never more in need of a president, yet when Woodruff was elected he judiciously kept out of sight of all but the most trustworthy of the "Saints"—for there are many Mormons who are as bitter against polygamy as any Gentiles, and who doubt, with the wife of the founder of

Mormonism, the validity of the "revelation" which for more than half a century has made the Mormons the black sheep of the religious fold.

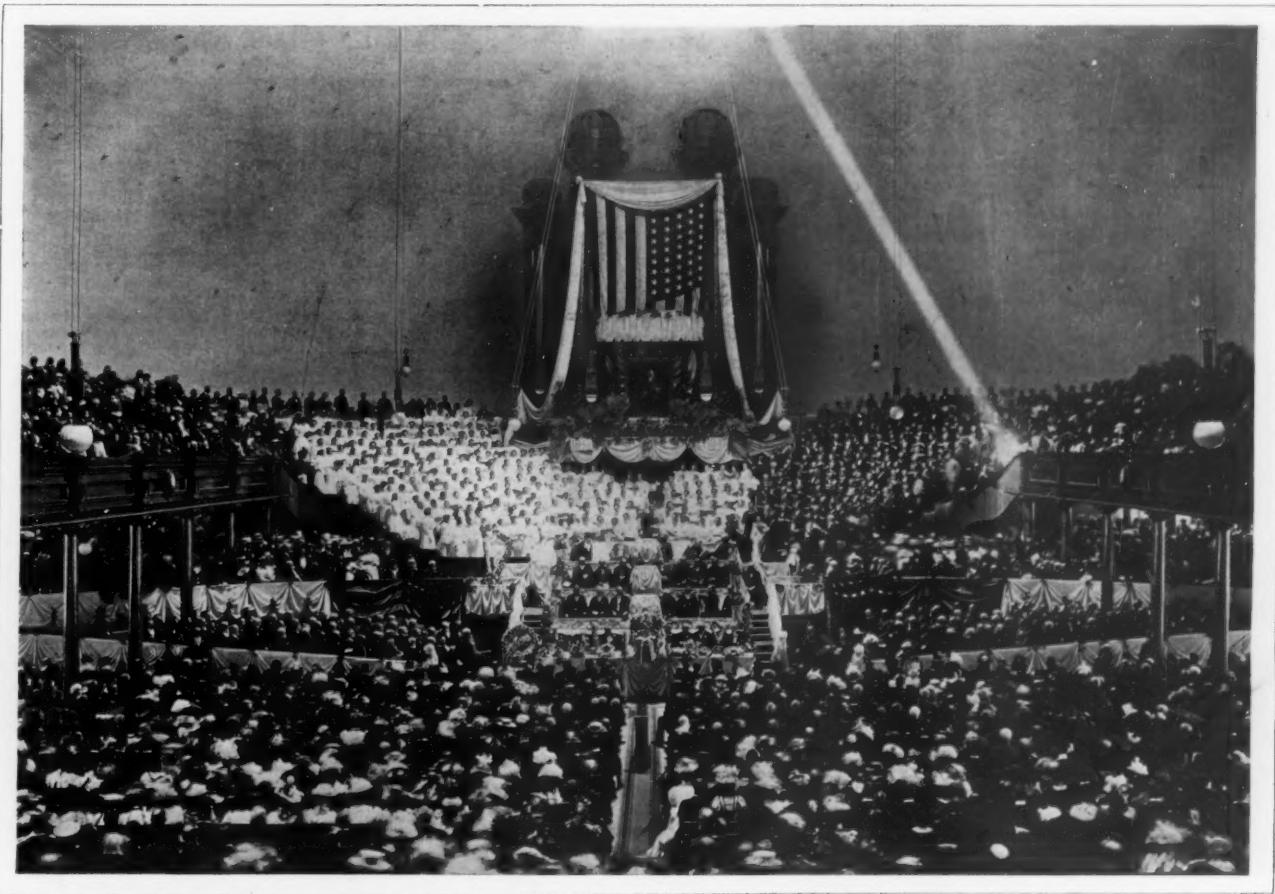
During Woodruff's period of invisibility the national government acted as if there were no head to the Mormon organization. It took possession of church property and broke up mercantile associations that had been designed to keep all Utah business in Mormon hands. It also arrested polygamists everywhere, put them in jail and kept them there. After such work had continued for three years, Woodruff reluctantly counseled the abandonment of polygamy, and the Mormons made professions of obedience, the honesty of which is still doubted by many of the non-Mormon citizens of Utah.

The funeral service over the remains of President Woodruff was held in the Tabernacle at Salt Lake City. The great building, seating seven thousand persons, was filled, and great crowds gathered outside. The altar was decorated with both the weeds and the abundance of the land, to typify Utah's condition before and after the advent of the settlers of whom the deceased president was one. The singing was led by a choir of three hundred and fifty voices, and everything possible was done to manifest the great respect in which the old president had been held by his fellow-religionists.

President Woodruff's energies were not confined to the interests of his church at large. He had the Yankee's inherent devotion to local affairs, and showed it by erecting in his own city of Manti (all Mormon towns are by law cities) a place of worship that is second in size and cost to no other Utah structure but the Temple at Salt Lake City—a building to which it bears a general exterior resemblance. He had business abilities of high order; had he remained at the East he would have made his way to the head of some great commercial enterprise. He was a man of his word; he preferred to restrict his business relations to members of his own faith, but his Gentile neighbors were always glad to do business with him.

Lorenzo Snow, elected to the presidency of the Mormon Church soon after Mr. Woodruff's death, is one of the few surviving early converts to Mormonism as well as of the pioneers of Utah. He has been one of the "Twelve Apostles" for many years, and is now nearly eighty years of age. Both in theory and practice he is quite as earnest and uncompromising a member of his church as was his predecessor, but he is not believed to have the executive ability and the genius for leadership that distinguished Mr. Woodruff.

The large non-Mormon element of Utah and of the other States in which the Mormons have colonies believe that with the passing of the generation of Woodruff and Snow the church will lose its cohesive power and that its membership will be absorbed by general society.



FUNERAL SERVICES OVER PRESIDENT WOODRUFF, AT THE TABERNACLE, SALT LAKE CITY, SEPTEMBER 8



A TYPICAL TROOP OF COLORED CAVALRY

THE NEGRO AS A SOLDIER

ONE of the distinct achievements of our war with Spain, so quickly ended yet so far-reaching in its results, is the vindication of our colored soldiery.

To those who recall the soldierly bearing of our colored volunteers during the Civil War, after their first baptism of death in the heroic charge but lately commemorated in St. Gaudens' magnificent monument to Robert Gould Shaw, and their subsequent faithful service in numberless Indian campaigns as the last of the line, no such vindication was needed. There has always been a tendency, though, in certain quarters, to deny or belittle the value of their service in the past, or at all events to admit it so grudgingly that the admission carried more doubt than conviction.

Just before the outbreak of the war last spring this hostility toward the negro under arms was very forcibly brought home to me in Key West at the arrival of the first two companies of the Twenty-fifth colored regiment of infantry. They were the first regular soldiers to appear so far South, and it seemed then as if they would be the first American troops to go to the front. As they swung up the dusty street from their transport and marched out into the sunlight where cocoanut palms were waving their feathery fronds, they seemed just the troops for a summer campaign in the tropics and certainly appeared as splendid specimens of picked fighting men. The white citizens of Key West did not look upon them in that way. They chose to regard their appearance among them at that time as a direct insult inflicted upon them by a hostile Administration, and they were not slow in letting the black soldiers feel how utterly they were despised. The leading newspaper of the place published an editorial article in which it said that the only possible satisfaction at this deplorable action of the government lay in the reflection that it was better to expose the last regiments of the line to the first ravages of yellow fever, so that the better white men might be saved for better work.

That night there was nearly a race riot. During the day, already the soldiers had resented the fact that they were not allowed to wash where others washed, or to drink where others drank, and most galling discrimination of all—that black barbers with white customers were compelled to refuse them a shave. The first outbreak occurred early in the evening directly opposite the Key West Hotel, that old-time ground for shooting affrays. For this occasion no more public arena could have been chosen; for on the piazza of the hotel and in its lobby were gathered the correspondents of all the foremost newspapers of the English-speaking world.

The first intimation we had of the trouble was the report of pistol-shots followed by a scuffle across the street. Frederick Remington was the only one who took the thing as a mere episode of the moment. To the London correspondents and the artists of the foreign illustrated papers the incident appeared as a peculiarly vivid piece of local color. Richard Harding Davis, as he afterward laughingly admitted, recovered all the instincts of the police reporter and dashed across the street to get the "story."

The story was briefly this: A colored corporal was seen to pass along the street armed with his army pistol in a holster. A local constable ordered him to surrender his arms. The constable later claimed that the soldier was drunk. At all

events, the soldier, who was accompanied by a couple of his comrades, refused to give up his side-arms. The constable sought to enforce his order, and the soldier resisted. There was a scuffle, and in a moment more there were pistol-shots on both sides. The other darkies took to their heels and other men pitched in. Nobody was hurt. The soldier was disarmed and rapped across the head with the constable's night-stick. While his two arms were still pinioned a civilian rushed up and struck him in the face with his fist. The crowd was for lynching the negro at once, but the Northern correspondents objected, and the prisoner was accordingly led off to the town jail.

After it was all over I was rash enough to say to a bystander that I thought it a shame to strike a defenseless man. A policeman came and asked me what I meant by the remark. I told him that I considered the arrest a mistake. If any one had a constitutional right to bear arms, I held, it was surely a soldier of the United States. He told me

pression of the ugly episode was the glimpse of a man, late at night, slipping the cartridges out of his revolver and muttering curses of disappointment.

Such was the attitude of some of our people toward the negro soldier at the outset of the war.

The colored sailors on board of our men-of-war, so far as I could judge from a cruise with the North Atlantic Squadron, lasting from the outbreak of hostilities to the bombardment of San Juan de Puerto Rico, suffered from no such expressions of race prejudice. On board ship they worked side by side with their white shipmates, and on shore it was a common sight to see white and black sailors rolling arm-in-arm along their jolly way. So far as appearances were concerned, the colored men had a distinct advantage over the others, especially when it came to shoveling coal or standing in the smoke of rapid gunnery.

My next meeting with the colored soldier was as a comrade-in-arms facing the Spanish lines before Santiago de Cuba. This

time they were the last of the dismounted line, the Ninth and Tenth Troopers, serving in the forefront of battle together with the Rough Riders.

If there ever had been any sparks of race feeling smoldering between the men of these two commands, the black regulars and the white volunteers, they had been quenched by the first volleys of the common foe at Las Guasimas.

"I never was so glad to see any men," confessed one of my comrades, a Kentuckian, by the way, "as those nigger troopers of the Tenth, when they began shooting on our right and saved our flank from being turned by that overlapping line of Spaniards. I used to think that niggers wouldn't stand up in a fair-and-square fight, and that their marksmanship would be of the wildest; but I learned better than that. It did my heart good, I tell you, to see those darkies plowing forward like the best of us, and shooting true to the mark all the time, so that you couldn't tell who swept that ridge clean, we or they."

After the fights of the first days of July, when whites and blacks got so thoroughly mixed up in the assaults on El Caney and San Juan hill, the feeling of comradeship had become so strong that, as Colonel Roosevelt remarked later, it will endure as long as the men who shared it live.

What doubt there may have lurked concerning the qualities of the American negro as a fighting soldier had been swept away by the magnificent conduct of all the colored troops, infantry and cavalry, when led into fire by their white officers. The quality of the leadership may be inferred from the heavy proportion of losses among the officers. The gallant Twenty-fourth alone lost forty per cent of its officers in the charge on El Caney. The losses among the men were almost equally heavy. This was the same regiment which afterward furnished eighty volunteer nurses for the yellow fever hospital at Siboney, and when fifty-five of these had been stricken down, replaced them by fifty-five more.

How these same troops would have behaved without the inspiration of their white leaders must remain an open question. As an experiment, I fancy it would scarcely be worth trying.

Those who insist that the fights of those days were soldiers' battles, meaning battles in which strategy and leadership counted for little, must give the colored soldiers their due in the achieve-



MAJOR J. L. FOWLER, WHO COMMANDED TENTH CAVALRY IN CUBA

that the colonel of the regiment had expressly forbidden his men to carry arms while walking in the streets, and I replied that it would appear to rest with the provost-marshal to enforce army orders. With that I retired to the hotel piazza and recovered my half-smoked cigar.

Presently some one emerged from the group of excited men across the street and came through the dusk to where I sat on the rail of the veranda. He proved to be the special artist of COLLIER'S WEEKLY, and he asked me to go back into the house, as the mob, having lost its other quarry, was threatening to lay violent hands on me. At that moment, he said, my fellow-correspondents were remonstrating with the hotter heads in the crowd, and he showed me the tall figure of Dick Davis addressing a knot of men casting impatient glances toward us.

A few moments afterward a rumor reached us that the comrades of the imprisoned soldier had marched to the jail in a body and had released him. The crowd scattered to arm themselves for counter action, while the correspondents scurried off pell-mell to get to the scene of the expected conflict.

Happily nothing came of it, and my last im-

ment of victory. One of the Englishmen serving with us, I recollect, who had watched the conduct of our black troops with professional curiosity, reached the conclusion that they were just as good as some of the best native regiments in India, and commented on the fact that these troops invariably do better when led, in part at least, by officers of their own color and blood.

Our colored soldiery certainly contained many men who showed themselves possessed of the first and most important instinct of leadership. I recall the feat of one darky—a color sergeant of the Tenth Cavalry, I believe. In the charge on San Juan Hill he carried the guidon of his troop, and was ordered by his captain to keep near him, holding the guidon flag aloft where it would be well in view. From that time on the captain and all the following troopers found it hard to keep up with their guidon, plunging ahead through the high spear grass, up the steep hill, straight for the pitiless Spanish fire from the hilltops. When the old sergeant reached the crest of the hill, together with the first of the Rough Riders, he waved his tattered red and white guidon aloft as an encouragement to his fellow-troopers, and he stood there with his little flag, his figure clearly silhouetted on the ridge, until the inevitable happened, and he fell wounded twice. For this act of conspicuous gallantry this particular colored soldier was recommended by his superiors for an honorable mention. Had he been one of us he would have been promoted to a lieutenancy on the spot.

There was the case of Sergeant Foster, of Troop G of the Tenth Cavalry, at the battle of San Juan, who had the presumption to tell his lieutenant to change the course of the troop's advance because the Spaniards had clearly got their range.

"Silence!" shouted the lieutenant. "Come on, men; follow me."

"All right, sah," said the sergeant, "we'll go as far as you."

The next instant the lieutenant was shot through the head, leaving Sergeant Foster in command. The sergeant immediately deployed the troop out of the dangerous range that had already cost them half-a-dozen casualties, and reached the crest of the hill with his troop without having another man killed or wounded.

There were times, of course, when some of our "Smoked Yankees," as the Spaniards called them, did not show up so well. At night they were inclined to be skittish and saw "things." Then it was that the superiority of their white officers had to come into play.

While we were lying in the trenches before Santiago, with the negro troopers on our right and left flank, I remember, one dark night, overhearing one of their officers going his rounds and addressing his men in this wise:

"What have you coons got to be afraid of, hang you? If you don't mind the Spanish bullets by day, why should you be scared at nothing but a dark house at night? What's that? . . . You think you saw something peeping out of the chimney? . . . I have a good mind to take you out and give you a good licking, then you won't see hoodoos any more and try to scare all the other boys. Anyhow, there are the Rough Riders on your left, and they'll take care of that house for you."

"Oh, is that the Rough Riders, boss? Then it's all right, sah, an' we won't be skyard o' nuthin' mo', sah."

On another occasion one of our men, who thought he had discovered the perch of a Spanish sharpshooter, invited the nearest darky to come along and stalk the fellow in his tree. The darky, who had likewise seen something moving in the tree, had his own opinion as to the nature of the thing and drew back with every symptom of fear.

"Sakes alive! You ain't afraid of him?" exclaimed our man with some contempt.

"Tain't a him I'm afeared of, Mistah Rough Rider," explained the negro; but just then a bullet struck almost between them.



TWENTY-FOURTH INFANTRY (COLORED) ON GUARD AT KEY WEST

"Lawd-a-massy! Them's human shots, all right," whispered the negro, greatly relieved; and without further urging he followed our man on his tortuous trail through the underbrush and around the dangerous tree so as to catch the sharpshooter from behind.

When they finally got within easy range of the Spanish guerrilla in his place of vantage, so our man afterward related to us, he could hardly restrain his companion from shooting first. At last they agreed between them to fire one right after the other, so as to make quite sure of their game; but after all the negro's impatience proved too much for him, and the two shots rang out almost simultaneously. The Spaniard tumbled from his tree with two bullet-holes between his shoulder-blades. When the negro saw that the man was dead he relapsed for the moment into the primeval savage. This is how the other man recorded the phenomenon:

"You know how funny niggers can be. Well, he was the funniest coon I ever seen. When he saw that damned sharpshooter a-droppin' from his mango tree, all legs and arms, he just up and begins a-prancin' and a-dancin' till I guessed he was going to do the cakewalk right there. Then he kind of shuffles up to the dead man in the grass and sort o' sings to himself: 'You sure enough dead man. You nevah skyar this niggah no mo'. You shoot no mo' white sojers and gen'lmen off'cers. You good fo' nuffin' but buzzard birds!' and with that he kicked the Spaniard's carcass till I got tired of his antics and pulled him away, back to our lines."

The man who told this experience was a Southerner of old Southern stock. It was a Virginian who confided to me that he was glad enough after the charge on San Juan to crawl under the same blanket with a "nigger" and to share hishardtack with him.

There were many more among us who might have made the same confession. One of the traits that the colored soldier seemed to possess in higher degree than his white comrades was generosity. Anybody that wore a blue shirt or a cartridge-belt was hail-fellow-well-met with him, and there appeared to be absolutely nothing that he would not share with others, from his poncho to the last morsel ofhardtack.

Another distinguishing trait was his invariable

good-humor. Where others cursed he laughed and cracked jokes, and even the wounded among them were apt to roll their eyes and smile pathetically if you asked them about their wounds. When there was an upset along the road and everybody felt called upon to contribute his share of highly-spiced profanity, the colored teamsters who were the butt of it all appeared to derive the utmost enjoyment out of the situation.

The army teamster, of course, belongs to a different branch of the service, and is so peculiarly gifted a being that to do him justice would require treatment all by himself.

Another class of colored soldiers were those who went along with white regiments. So far as I am informed, they managed to keep up their end as well as their more favored comrades.

With the Sixth Massachusetts went a whole company of negro volunteers. Before the regiment started for the front, it was reported that there were grave misgivings concerning the behavior of the men of this company should it come to actual fighting. After the arrival of these New England volunteers in Puerto Rico their share in the first engagement was spoiled by many unpleasant recriminations with implied charges of cowardice, causing the colonel of the regiment to resign his commission. There were no criticisms of the conduct of this particular company.

Many volunteer regiments there were in this war, as in the late War of the Rebellion, that had negroes serving in their ranks as individuals. Just how these isolated darkies behaved as compared to their white comrades, it would take a long time and much pains to ascertain.

The only colored soldiers of this kind I came in contact with was one cheerful black private in the Eighth Ohio, who was described by his comrades as a "tip-top soldier," and the two darkies who served with my own regiment.

Most popular of the two, deservedly, was Marshall, who had left the Navy Department to follow Colonel Roosevelt into the army, and who pursued his chief everywhere like a devoted dog. Even on the battlefield, when the colonel's horse was shot under him, Marshall was there to help "Massa Teddy" out of the saddle, and at all other times he was constantly busying himself in making up for the deficiencies of his self-forgetful master. He was darky of the old type, of quaint Southern speech and "befo' de wah" ways, and he contributed his personal share to the all-around American character of this unique cavalry regiment.

In view of these observations of our American negro in the field, limited as they were, I could not but come to the conclusion that he was a distinct element in the successes attained by our army and navy. Nor could I help feeling that among the moral results of the war, this partial vindication of a long-despised race was almost as signal an achievement as the final reconciliation of our North and South.

If it was a striking spectacle to see an old rebel general like "Fighting Joe" Wheeler lead Northerners and Southerners elbow to elbow into battle, how far more impressive was it to see this same leader put himself at the head of a column of colored United States cavalrymen, as he did in the charge at Las Guasimas.

What General Wheeler's opinion of the fighting qualities of these men were may be inferred from the fact that this general, one-third of whose entire command consisted of negro troopers, was the only leader who was able to counteract his commanding general's fatal plans for a retreat of the American lines before Santiago by the argument that his men would not retreat.

If General Wheeler be put in command of a part of our army of occupation in Cuba, as is now reported, it may confidently be assumed that the colored troopers will have another chance to serve under the "Idol of the South."

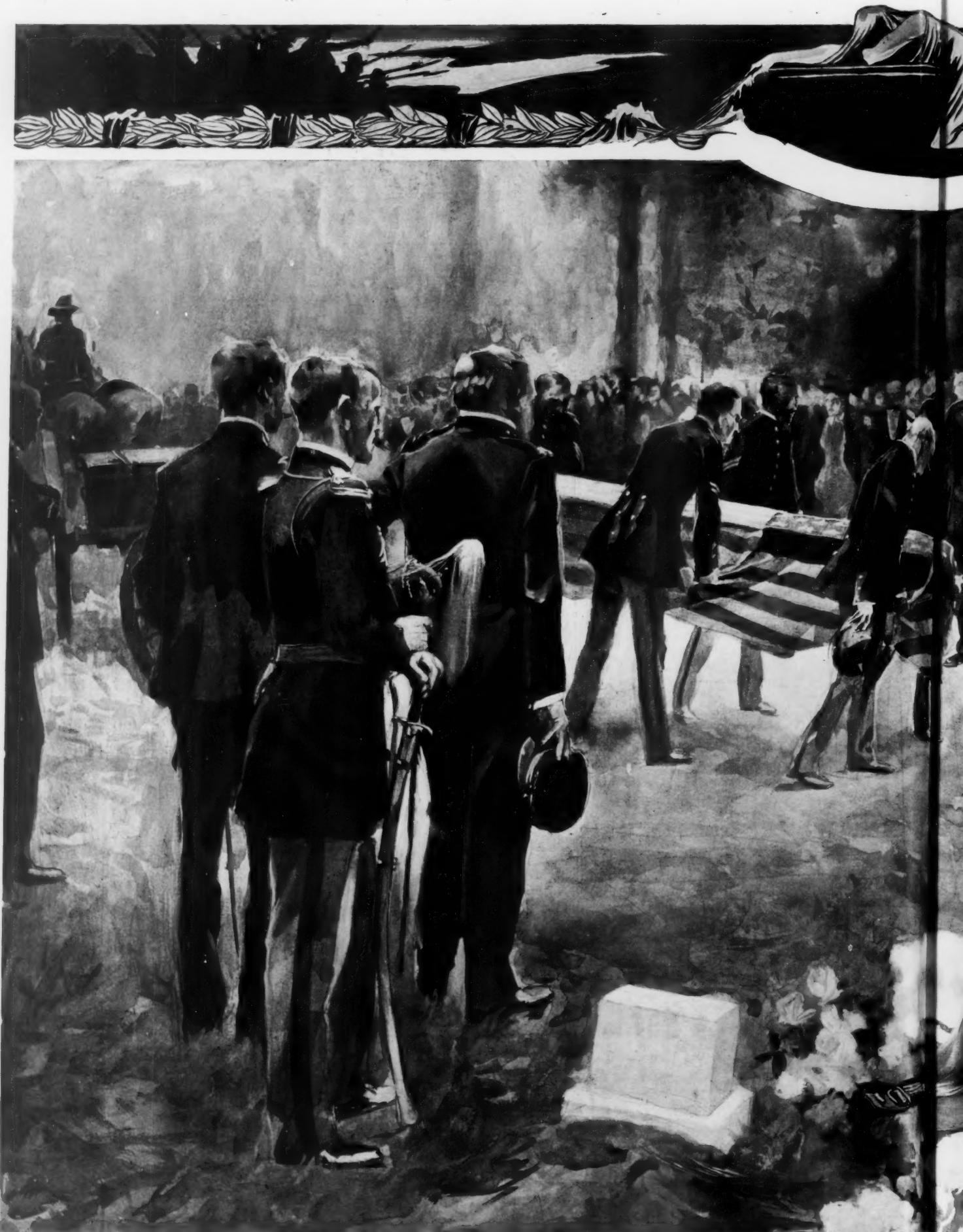
EDWIN EMERSON, JR.



TWENTY-FOURTH INFANTRY (COLORED) IN THE TRENCHES NEAR EL CANEY

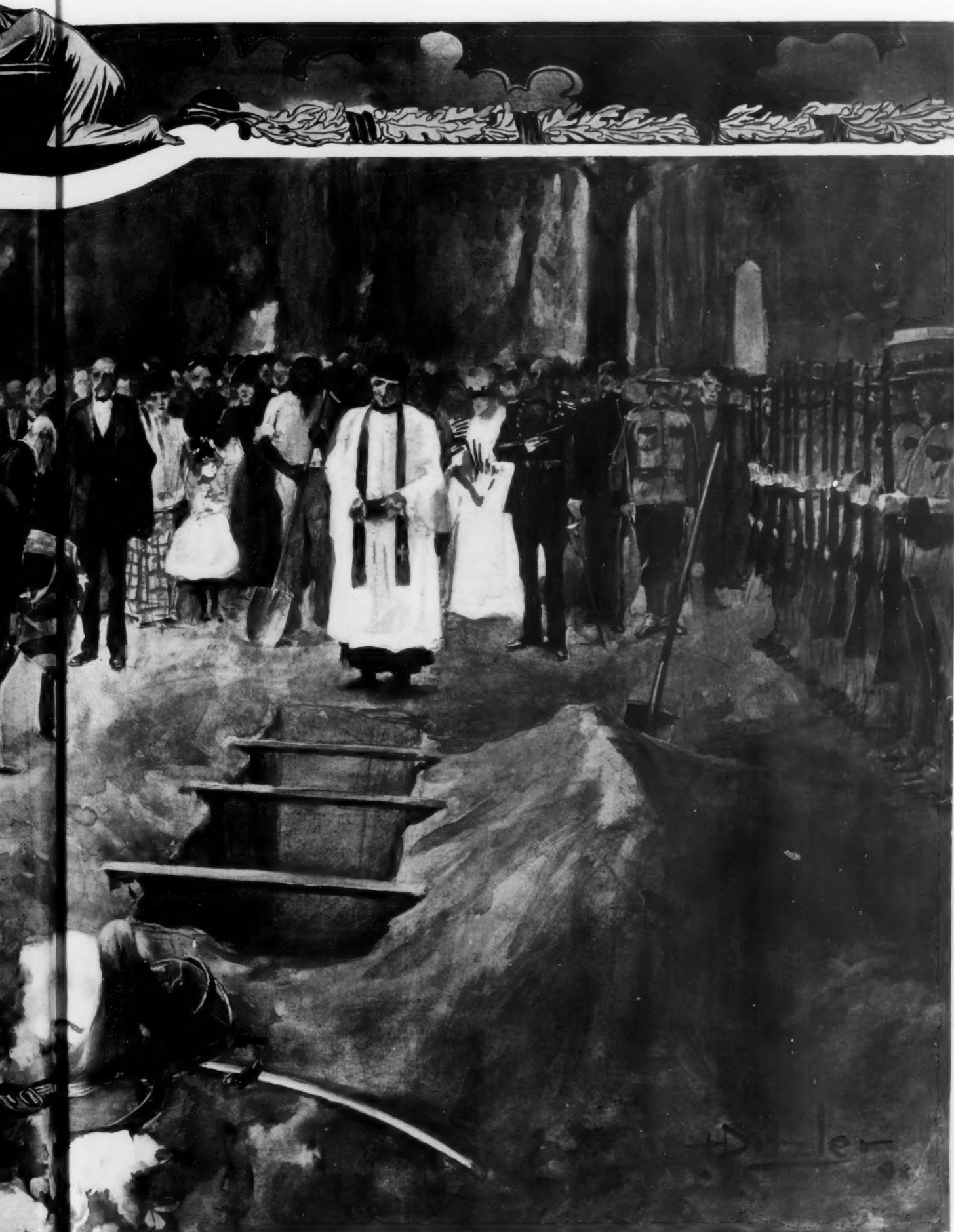


COLLIER'S WEEKLY



MILITARY HONORS OVER CAPTAIN ALLYN CAPRON, FIRST U. S. ARTILLERY

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS



U. S. ARTILLERY, AT ARLINGTON CEMETERY, WASHINGTON, D. C.

SPECIAL ARTIST H. DITZLER



MR. ADDENBROOKE RAISED HIS EYEBROWS OVER MY NAME, ADDRESS AND CLUB

ADVENTURES OF A. J. RAFFLES—IV

By E. W. HORNUNG

NINE POINTS OF THE LAW



ELL," said Raffles, "what do you make of it?"

I read the advertisement once more before replying. It was in the last column of the "Daily Telegraph," and it ran:

"TWO THOUSAND POUNDS REWARD.—The above sum may be earned by any one qualified to undertake delicate mission and prepared to

run certain risk.—Apply by telegram, SECURITY, London."

"I think," said I, "it's the most extraordinary advertisement that ever got into print!"

Raffles smiled.

"Not quite all that, Bunny; still extraordinary enough, I grant you."

"Look at the figure!"

"It is certainly large."

"And the mission—and the risk!"

"Yes; the combination is frank, to say the least of it. But the really original point is requiring application by telegram to a telegraphic address! There's something in the fellow who thought of that, and something in his game; with one word he chokes off the million who answer an advertisement every day—when they can raise the stamp. My answer cost me five bob; but then I prepaid another."

"You don't mean to say that you've applied?"

"Rather," said Raffles. "I want two thousand pounds as much as any man."

"Put your own name?"

"Well, no, Bunny, I didn't. In point of fact, I smell something interesting and illegal, and you know what a cautious chap I am. I signed myself Saumarez, care of Hickey, 28 Conduit

Street; that's my tailor, and after sending the wire I went round and told him what to expect. He promised to send the reply along the moment it came—and, by Jove, that'll be it!"

And he was gone before a double-knock on the outer door had done ringing through the rooms, to return next minute with an open telegram and a face full of news.

"What do you think?" said he. "Security's that fellow Addenbrooke, the police-court lawyer, and he wants to see me instanter!"

"Do you know him, then?" I asked.

"Merely by repute. I only hope he doesn't know me. He's the chap who got six weeks for sailing too close to the wind in the Sutton-Willmer case; everybody wondered why he wasn't struck off the rolls. Instead of that he's got a first-rate practice on the seamy side, and every blackguard with half a case takes it straight to Bennett Addenbrooke. He's probably the one

man who would have the cheek to put in an advertisement like that, and the one man who could do it without exciting suspicion. It's simply in his line; but you may be sure there's something shady at the bottom of it. The odd thing is that I have long made up my mind to go to Addenbrooke if accidents should happen."

"And you're going to him now?"

"This minute," said Raffles, brushing his hat; "and so are you."

"But I came in to drag you out to lunch."

"You shall lunch with me when we've seen this fellow. Come on, Bunny, and we'll choose your name on the way. Mine's Saumarez, and don't you forget it."

Mr. Bennett Addenbrooke occupied substantial offices in Wellington Street, Strand, and was out when we arrived; but he had only just gone "over the way to court"; and five minutes sufficed to produce a brisk, fresh-colored, resolute-looking man, with a very confident, rather festive air, and black eyes that opened wide at the sight of Raffles.

"Mr.—Saumarez?" exclaimed the lawyer.

"My name," said Raffles, with dry effrontery.

"Not up at Lord's, however!" said the other, slyly. "My dear sir, I have seen you take far too many wickets to make any mistake."

For a single moment Raffles looked venomous; then he shrugged and smiled, and the smile grew into a little cynical chuckle.

"So you have bowled me out in my turn?" said he. "Well, I don't think there's anything to explain. I am harder up than I wished to admit under my own name, that's all, and I want that thousand pounds' reward."

"Two thousand," said the solicitor. "And the man who is not above an alias happens to be just the sort of man I want: so don't let that worry you, my dear sir. The matter, however, is of a strictly private and confidential character."

And he looked very hard at me.

"Quite so," said Raffles. "But there was something about a risk?"

"A certain risk is involved."

"Then surely three heads will be better than two. I said I wanted that thousand pounds; my friend here wants the other. We are both cursedly hard up, and we go into this thing together or not at all. Must you have his name, too? Bunny, give him your card."

Mr. Addenbrooke raised his eyebrows over my name, address and club; then he drummed on my card with his finger-nail, and his embarrassment expressed itself in a puzzled smile.

"The fact is, I find myself in a difficulty," he confessed at last. "Yours is the first reply I have received; people who can afford to send long telegrams don't rush to the advertisements in the 'Daily Telegraph'; but, on the other hand, I was not quite prepared to hear from men like yourselves. Candidly, and on consideration, I am not sure that you are the stamp of men for me—men who belong to good clubs! I rather intended to appeal to the—er—adventurous classes."

"We are adventurers," said Raffles gravely.

"But you respect the law?"

The black eyes gleamed shrewdly,

"We are not professional rogues, if that's what

you mean," said Raffles calmly. "But on our beam-ends we are; we would do a good deal for a thousand pounds apiece, eh, Bunny?"

"Anything," I murmured.

The solicitor rapped his desk.

"I'll tell you what I want you to do. You can but refuse. It's illegal, but it's illegality in a good cause; that's the risk, and my client is prepared to pay for it. He will pay for the attempt in case of failure; the money is as good as yours once you consent to run the risk. My client is Sir Bernard Debenham, of Brom Hall, Esher."

"I know his son," I remarked.

Raffles knew him too, but said nothing, and his eye drooped disapproval in my direction. Bennett Addenbrooke turned to me.

"Then," said he, "you have the privilege of knowing one of the most complete young blackguards about town, and the *fons et origo* of the whole trouble. As you know the son, you may know the father also, at all events by reputation; and in that case I needn't tell you that he is a very peculiar man. He lives alone in a storehouse of treasures which no eyes but his ever behold. He is said to have the finest collection of pictures in the south of England, though nobody ever sees them to judge; pictures, fiddles and furniture are his hobby, and he is undoubtedly very eccentric. Nor can one deny that there has been considerable eccentricity in his treatment of his son. For years Sir Bernard paid his debts, and the other day, without the slightest warning, not only refused to do so any more, but absolutely stopped the lad's allowance. Well, I'll tell you what has happened. But, first of all, you must know, or you may remember, that I appeared for young Debenham in a little scrape he got into a year or two ago. I got him off all right, and Sir Bernard paid me handsomely on the nail. And no more did I hear or see of either of them until one day last week."

The lawyer drew his chair nearer ours, and leaned forward with a hand on either knee.

"On Tuesday of last week I had a telegram from Sir Bernard; I was to go to him at once. I found him waiting for me in the drive; without a word he led me to the picture-gallery, which was locked and darkened, drew up a blind, and stood simply pointing to an empty picture-frame. It was a long time before I could get a word out of him. Then at last he told me that that frame had contained one of the rarest and most valuable pictures in England—in the world—an original Velasquez. I have checked this," said the lawyer, "and it seems literally true; the picture was a portrait of the Infanta Maria Teresa, said to be one of the artist's greatest works, and second only to his portrait of one of the Popes in Rome—so they told me at the National Gallery, where they had its history by heart. They say there that the picture is practically priceless. And young Debenham has sold it for five thousand pounds!"

"The deuce he has," said Raffles.

I inquired who had bought it.

"A Queensland legislator of the name of Craggs—the Hon. John Montagu Craggs, M.L.C., to give him his full title. Not that we knew anything about him on Tuesday last; we didn't even know for certain that young Debenham had stolen the picture. But he had gone down for money on the Monday evening, had been refused, and it was plain enough that he had helped himself in this way; he had threatened revenge, and this was obviously it. Indeed, when I hunted him up in town on the Tuesday night, he confessed as much in the most brazen manner imaginable. But he wouldn't tell me who was the purchaser, and finding out that took the rest of the week; but find it out I did, and a nice time I've had of it ever since! Backward and forward between Esher and the Metropole, where the Queenslander is staying, sometimes twice a day; threats, offers, prayers, entreaties, not one of them a bit of good!"

"But," said Raffles, "surely it's a clear case? The sale was illegal; you can pay him back his money and force him to give the picture up."

"Exactly; but not without an action and a public scandal, and that my client declines to face. He would rather lose even his picture than have the whole thing get into the papers; he has disowned his son, but he will not disgrace him; yet his picture he must have by hook or crook, and there's the rub! I am to get it back by fair means or foul. He gives me carte blanche in the matter, and, I verily believe, would throw in a blank check if I asked it. He offered one to the Queenslander, but Craggs simply tore it in two; the one old boy is as much a character as the other, and between the two of them I'm at my wits' end."

"So you put that advertisement in the paper?" said Raffles, in the dry tones he had adopted throughout the interview.

"As a last resort, I did."

"And you wish us to steal this picture?"

It was magnificently said; the lawyer flushed from his hair to his collar.

"I knew you were not the men!" he groaned. "I never thought of men of your stamp! But it's not stealing," he exclaimed heatedly; "it's recovering stolen property. Besides, Sir Bernard will pay him his five thousand as soon as he has the picture; and, you'll see, old Craggs will be just as loth to let it come out as Sir Bernard himself. No, no—it's an enterprise, an adventure, if you like—but not stealing."

"You yourself mentioned the law," murmured Raffles.

"And the risk," I added.

"We pay for that," he said once more.

"But not enough," said Raffles, shaking his head. "My good sir, consider what it means to us. You spoke of those clubs; we should not only get kicked out of them, but put in prison like common burglars. It's true we're hard up, but it simply isn't worth it at the price—double your stakes, and I for one am your man."

Addenbrooke wavered.

"Do you think you could bring it off?"

"We could try."

"But you have no—"

"Experience? No, not as thieves."

"And you would really run the risk for four thousand pounds?"

Raffles looked at me. I nodded.

"We would," said he, "and blow the odds!"

"It's more than I can ask my client to pay," said Addenbrooke, growing firm.

"Then it's more than you can expect us to risk."

"You are in earnest?"

"God wot!"

"Say three thousand if you succeed!"

"No, four."

"Then nothing if you fail—"

"Double or quits?" said Raffles.

"Well, that's sporting. Done!"

Addenbrooke opened his lips, half rose, then sat back in his chair, and looked long and shrewdly at Raffles—never once at me.

"I know your bowling," said he reflectively. "I go up to Lord's whenever I want an hour's real rest, and I've seen you bowl again and again—yes, and take the best wickets in England on a plumb pitch. I don't forget the last Gentlemen and Players; I was there. You're up to every trick—every one. I'm inclined to think you would bowl out this old Australian if anybody can. Damme, I believe you're my very man!"

The bargain was clinched at the Cafe Royal, where Bennett Addenbrooke insisted on playing host at an extravagant luncheon. I remember that he took his whack of champagne with the nervous freedom of a man at high pressure, and have no doubt I kept him in countenance by an equal indulgence; but Raffles, ever an exemplar in such matters, was more abstemious even than his wont, and very poor company to boot. I can see him now, his eyes in his plate—thinking—thinking. I can see the solicitor glancing from him to me in an apprehension of which I did my best to disabuse him by reassuring looks. At the close Raffles apologized for his preoccupation, called for an A.B.C. time-table, and announced his intention of catching the 3.02 to Esher.

"You must excuse me, Mr. Addenbrooke," said he, "but I have my own idea, and for the moment I should much prefer to keep it to myself. It may end in fizzle, so I would rather not speak about it to either of you just yet. But speak to Sir Bernard I must, so will you write me one line to him on your card? Of course, if you wish, you must come down with me and hear what I say; but I really don't see the point."

And as usual Raffles had his way, though Bennett Addenbrooke was visibly provoked, and I myself shared his annoyance to no small extent. I could only tell him that it was in the nature of Raffles to be self-willed and secretive, but that no man of my acquaintance had half his audacity and determination—that I for my part would trust him through and through, and let him gang his own gait every time. More I dared not say, even to remove those chill misgivings with which I knew that the lawyer went his way.

That day I saw no more of Raffles, but a telegram reached me when I was dressing for dinner:

"Be in your rooms to-morrow from noon and keep rest of day clear.—RAFFLES."

It had been sent off from Waterloo at 6.42.

So Raffles was back in town; at an earlier stage of our relations I should have hunted him up then and there, but now I knew better. His telegram meant that he had no desire for my society that night or the following forenoon; that when he wanted me I should see him soon enough.

And see him I did, toward one o'clock next day. I was watching for him from my window in Mount Street, when he drove up furiously in a hansom, and jumped out without a word to the man. I met him next minute at the lift gates, and he fairly pushed me back into my rooms.

"Five minutes, Bunny!" he cried. "Not a second more." And he tore off his coat before flinging himself into the nearest chair.

"I'm fairly on the rush," he panted; "having the very devil of a time! Not a word till I tell you all I've done. I settled my plan of campaign yesterday at lunch. The first thing was to get in with this man Craggs; you can't break into a place like the Metropole, it's got to be done from the inside. Problem one, how to get at the fellow. Only one sort of pretext would do—it must be something to do with this blessed picture, so that I might see where he'd got it and all that. Well, I couldn't go and ask to see it out of curiosity, and I couldn't go as a second representative of the other old chap, and it was thinking how I could go that made me such a bear at lunch. But I saw my way before I got up. If I could only lay hold of a copy of the picture I might ask leave to go and compare it with the original. So down I went to Esher to find out if

there was a copy in existence, and was at Brom Hall for one hour and a half yesterday afternoon. There was no copy there, but they must exist, for Sir Bernard himself (such a rum old boy!) has allowed a couple to be made since the picture has been in his possession. He hunted up the painters' addresses, and the rest of the evening I spent in hunting up the painters themselves; but their work had been done on commission—one copy had gone out of the country, and I'm still on the track of the other."

"Then you haven't seen Craggs yet?"

"Oh, yes, I have seen him and made friends with him, and if possible he's the funnier old cuss of the two. I took the bull by the horns this morning, went in and lied like Ananias, and it was just as well I did—the old ruffian sails for Australia by to-morrow's boat. I told him a man wanted to sell me a copy of the celebrated Infanta Maria Teresa of Velasquez, that I'd been down to the supposed owner of the picture, only to find that he had just sold it to him. You should have seen his face when I told him that! He grinned all round his wicked old head. 'Did old Debenham admit it?' says he; and when I said he had he chuckled to himself for about five minutes. He was so pleased that he did just what I hoped he would do; he showed me the great picture—luckily it isn't by any means a large one—and took a special pride in showing me the case he's got it in. It's an iron map-case in which he brought over the plans of his land in Brisbane; he wants to know who would suspect it of containing an Old Master, too? But he's had it fitted with a new Chubb's lock, and I managed to take an interest in the key while he was gloating over the canvas. I had the wax in the palm of my hand, and I shall make my duplicate this afternoon."

Raffles looked at his watch and jumped up, saying he had given me a minute too much.

"By the way," he added, "you've got to dine with him at the Metropole to-night!"

"I?"

"Yes; don't look so scared. Both of us are invited—I swore you were dining with me; but I shan't be there."

His clear eye was upon me, bright with meaning and with mischief. I implored him to tell me what his meaning was.

"You will dine in his private sitting-room," said Raffles; "it adjoins his bedroom. You must keep him sitting as long as possible, Bunny, and talking all the time!"

In a flash I saw his plan.

"You're going for the picture while we're at dinner?"

"Exactly."

"If he hears you?"

"He shan't."

"But if he did!" And I fairly trembled at the thought.

"If he did," said Raffles, "there would be a collision, that's all. You had better take your revolver; I shall certainly take mine."

"But it's ghastly!" I cried. "To sit and talk to an utter stranger and know that you're at work in the next room!"

"Two thousand apiece," said Raffles quietly.

"Upon my soul I believe I shall give it away!"

"Not you, Bunny. I know you better than you know yourself."

He put on his coat and his hat.

"What time have I to be there?" I asked him with a groan.

"Quarter to eight. There will be a telegram from me saying I can't turn up. He's a terror to talk; you'll have no difficulty in keeping the ball rolling; but head him off his picture for all you're worth. If he offers to show it you say you must go. He locked up the case elaborately this afternoon, and there's no earthly reason why he should unlock it again in this hemisphere."

"Where shall I find you when I get away?"

"I shall be down at Esher. I hope to catch the 9.55."

"But surely I can see you again this afternoon?" I cried in a ferment, for his hand was on the door. "I'm not half coached up yet! I know I shall make a mess of it!"

"Not you," he said again, "but I shall if I waste any more time. I've got a deuce of a lot of rushing about to do yet. You won't find me at my rooms. Why not come down to Esher yourself by the last train? That's it—down you come with the latest news. I'll tell old Debenham to expect you; he shall give us both a bed. By Jove! he won't be able to do us too well if he's got his picture!"

"If!" I groaned, as he nodded his adieu; and he left me limp with apprehension, sick with fear, in a perfectly pitiable condition of pure stage-fright.

For, after all, I had only to act my part; unless Raffles failed where he never did fail, unless Raffles the neat and noiseless was for once clumsy and inept, all I had to do was indeed to "smile and smile and be a villain." I practiced that smile half the afternoon. I rehearsed putative parts in hypothetical conversations. I got up stories. I dipped in a book on Queensland at the club. And at last it was 7.45, and I was making my bow to a somewhat elderly man with a small bald head and a retreating brow.

"So you're Mr. Raffles's friend?" said he, overhauling me rather rudely with his light small eyes. "Have you seen anything of him? I expected him early to show me something, but he's never come."

No more, evidently, had his telegram, and my troubles were beginning early. I said I had not seen Raffles since one o'clock, telling the truth with unction while I could; even as we spoke there came a knock at the door; it was the telegram at last, and, after reading it himself, the Queenslander handed it to me.

"Called out of town!" he grumbled. "Sudden illness of near relative! What near relatives has he got?"

Now, Raffles had none, and for an instant I quailed before the perils of invention; then I replied that I had never met any of his people, and again felt fortified by my veracity.

"Thought you were bosom pals?" said he, with (as I imagined) gleam of suspicion in his crafty little eyes.

"Only in town," said I. "I've never been to his place."

"Well," he growled, "I suppose it can't be helped. Don't know why he couldn't come and have his dinner first. Like to see the death-bed that I'd go to without my dinner; it's a full-skin billet, if you ask me. Well, we must just dine without him, and he'll have to buy his pig in a poke after all. Mind touching that bell? Suppose you know what he came to see me about? Sorry I shan't see him again, for his own sake. I liked Raffles—took to him amazingly. He's a cynic. I like cynics. I'm one myself. Rank bad form of his mother or his aunt to go and kick the bucket to-day."

I connect these specimens of his conversation, though they were doubtless detached at the time, and interspersed with remarks of mine here and there. They filled the interval until dinner was served, and they gave me an impression of the man which his every subsequent utterance confirmed. It was an impression which did away with all remorse for my treacherous presence at his table. He was that terrible type, the Silly Cynic, his aim a caustic commentary on all things and all men, his achievement mere vulgar irreverence and unintelligent scorn. Ill-bred and ill-formed, he had (on his own showing) fluked into fortune on a rise in land; yet cunning he possessed, as well as malice, and he chuckled till he choked over the misfortunes of less astute speculators in the same boom. Even now I cannot feel much compunction for my behavior to the Hon. J. M. Craggs, M.L.C.

But never shall I forget the private agonies of the situation, the listening to my host with one ear and for Raffles with the other! Once I heard him—though the rooms were divided by the old-fashioned folding-doors; and though the dividing door was not only shut but richly curtained. I could have sworn I heard him once. I spilled my wine and laughed at the top of my voice at some coarse sally of my host's. And I heard nothing more, though my ears were on the strain. But later, to my horror, when the waiter had finally withdrawn, Craggs himself sprang up and rushed to his bedroom without a word. I sat like stone till he returned.

"Thought I heard a door go," he said. "Must have been mistaken . . . imagination . . . gave me quite a turn. Raffles tell you priceless treasure I got in there?"

It was the picture at last; up to this point I had kept him to Queensland and the making of his pile. I tried to get him back there now, but in vain. He was reminded of his great ill-gotten possession. I said that Raffles had just mentioned it, and that set him off. With the confidential garrulity of a man who has been drinking freely he plunged into his darling topic, and I looked past him at the clock. It was only a quarter to ten.

In common decency I could not go yet. So there I sat (we were still at port) and learned what had originally fired my host's ambition to possess what he was pleased to call a "real, genuine, twin-screw, double-funnelled, copper-bottomed Old Master"; it was to "go one better" than some rival legislator of pictorial proclivities.

But even an epitome of his monologue would be so much weariness; suffice it that it ended inevitably in the invitation I had dreaded all the evening.

"But you must see it. Next room. This way."

"Isn't it packed up?" I inquired hastily.

"Lock and key. That's all."

"Pray don't trouble," I urged.

"Trouble be hanged!" said he. "Come along."

And all at once I saw that to resist him further would be to heap suspicion upon myself against the moment of impending discovery. I therefore followed him into his bedroom without protest, and suffered him first to show me the iron map-case which stood in one corner; he took a crafty pride in this receptacle, and I thought he would never cease descanting on its innocent appearance and its Chubb's lock. It seemed an interminable age before the key was in the latter. Then the ward clicked, and my pulse stood

"By Jove!" I cried next instant.

The canvas was in its place among the maps!

jingled back into his pocket. "It goes straight into the strong-room on board."

For the last time! If I could but send him out to Australia with only its legitimate contents in his precious map-case! If I could but succeed where Raffles had failed!

We returned to the other room. I have no notion how long we talked, or what about. Whisky and soda-water became the order of the hour. I scarcely touched it, but he drank copiously, and before eleven I left him incoherent. And the last train for Esher was the 11.50 out of Waterloo.

I took a hansom to my rooms. I was back at the hotel in thirteen minutes. I walked upstairs. The corridor was empty; I stood an instant on the sitting-room threshold, heard a snort within, and admitted myself softly with my master-key.

Craggs never moved; he was stretched on the sofa fast asleep. But not fast enough for me. I saturated my handkerchief with the chloroform I had brought, and laid it gently over his mouth. Two or three stertorous breaths, and the man was a log.

I removed the handkerchief; I extracted the keys from his pocket. In less than five minutes I put them back, after winding the picture about my body beneath my Inverness cape. I took some whisky and soda-water before I went.

The train was easily caught—so easily that I trembled for ten minutes in my first-class smoking carriage, in terror of every footstep on the platform, in unreasonable terror till the end. Then at last I sat back and lighted a cigarette, and the lights of Waterloo reeled out behind.

Some men were returning from the theatre. I can recall their conversation even now. They were disappointed with the piece they had seen. It was one of the later Savoy operas, and they spoke wistfully of the days of "Pinafore" and "Patience." One of them hummed a stave, and there was an argument as to whether the air was out of "Patience" or the "Mikado." They all got out at Surbiton, and I was alone with my triumph for a few intoxicating minutes. To think that I had succeeded where Raffles had failed! Of all our adventures, this was the first in which I had played a commanding part; and, of them all, this was infinitely the least discreditable. It left me without a conscientious qualm; I had but robbed a robber, when all was said. And I had done it myself, single-handed—*ipse egomet!*

I pictured Raffles—his surprise, his delight. He would think a little more of me in future. And that future, it should be different. We had two thousand pounds apiece—surely enough to start afresh as honest men—and all through me!

In aglow I sprang out at Esher, and took the one belated cab that was waiting under the bridge. In a perfect fever I beheld Brom Hall, with the lower story still lighted up, and saw the front door open as I climbed the steps.

"Thought it was you," said Raffles cheerily. "It's all right. There's a bed for you. Sir Bernard's sitting up to shake your hand."

His good spirits disappointed me. But I knew the man—he was one of those who wear their brightest smile in the blackest hour. I knew him too well by this time to be deceived.

"I've got it!" I cried in his ear—"I've got it!"

"Got what?" he asked me, stepping back.

"The picture!"

"What?"

"The picture. He showed it to me. You had to go without it; I saw that. So I determined to have it. And here it is."

"Let's see," said Raffles grimly.

I threw off my cape and unwound the canvas from about my body. While I was doing so an untidy old gentleman made his appearance in the hall, and stood looking on with raised eyebrows.

"Looks pretty fresh for an Old Master, doesn't it?" said Raffles.



"GRAND THING, AIN'T IT?"

"Thought it would knock you," said Craggs, drawing it out and unrolling it for my benefit. "Grand thing, ain't it? Wouldn't think it had been painted two hundred and thirty years? But it has, my word! Old Johnson's face will be a treat when he sees it; won't go bragging about his pictures much more. Why, this one's worth all the pictures in Colony o' Queensland put together, my boy—and I got it for five!"

He dug me in the ribs, and seemed in the mood for further confidences. My appearance checked him, and he rubbed his hands.

"If old Johnson take it? Go out and hang himself to his own picture-rod, I hope!"

Heaven knows what I contrived to say at last. Struck speechless first by my relief, I continued silent from a very different cause. A new tangle of emotions tied my tongue. Raffles had failed—Raffles had failed! Could I not succeed? Was it too late? Was there no way?

"So long," he said, taking a last look at the canvas before he rolled it up—"so long till we get to Brisbane."

The flutter I was in as he closed the case!

"For the last time," he went on, as his keys



Photographed by DAVIS & SANFORD.

His tone was strange. I could only suppose that he was jealous of my success.

"So Craggs said. I hardly looked at it myself."

"Well, look now—look closely. By Jove, I must have faked it better than I thought!"

"It's a copy!" I cried.

"It's the copy," he answered. "It's the copy I've been tearing all over the country to procure. It's the copy I faked back and front, so that, on your own showing, it imposed upon Craggs, and might have made him happy for life. And you go and rob him of that!"

I could not speak.

"How did you manage it?" inquired Sir Bernard Debenham.

"Have you killed him?" asked Raffles sardonically.

I did not look at him; I turned to Sir Bernard Debenham, and to him I told my story, hoarsely, excitedly, for it was all that I could do to keep from breaking down. But as I spoke I became calmer, and I finished in mere bitterness, with the remark that another time Raffles might tell me what he meant to do.

"Another time!" he cried instantly. "My dear Bunny, you speak as though we were going to turn burglars for a living!"

"I trust you won't," said Sir Bernard, smiling, "for you are certainly two very daring young men. Let us hope our friend from Queensland will do as he said, and not open the case till he gets back there. He will find my check awaiting him, and I shall be very much surprised if he troubles any of us again."

Raffles and I did not speak till I was in the room which had been prepared for me. Nor was I anxious to do so then. But he followed me and took my hand.

"Bunny," said he, "don't you be hard on a fellow! I was in the deuce of a hurry, and didn't know that I should ever get what I wanted in time, and that's a fact. But it serves me right that you should have gone and undone one of the best things I ever did. As for your handiwork, old chap, you won't mind my saying that I didn't think you had it in you? In future—"

"For God's sake, don't talk about the future!" I cried. "I hate the whole thing; I'm going to give it up!"

"So shall I," said Raffles, "when I've made my pile."

A PUERTO RICAN EPISODE

FAJARDO, Puerto Rico, is near the northeast corner of the island. There is a Fajardo proper, and a Playa de Fajardo. At the Playa, on a bold Roman nose of the coast line, the Spaniards long ago erected a substantial lighthouse.

One morning early in August, 1898, the inhabitants of the Playa arose as usual, yawned, looked out over the harbor, rubbed their eyes, jumped, shouted "Caramba!" and, snatching up cigarette materials, fled over the hills. During the night the monitors "Puritan" and "Amphitrite," the gunboats "Wilmington" and "Annapolis," and

the transport "Morgan" had slid into their beloved harbor and anchored.

The keepers of the light, however, were made of sterner stuff and clung manfully to their posts. All day long their heliograph flashed signals up and down the coast, and during the night blinking lamps told us that they were still keeping their less courageous colleagues informed as to the movements of the American fleet.

This so exasperated the captain of the "Puritan" that he ordered that the lighthouse be taken. Accordingly, just before daybreak the following morning, six boatloads of sailors from the "Amphitrite," towed by the monitor's launch, stole away toward the shore; and simultaneously the "Wilmington" weighed anchor and swung closer in, the "Morgan," with Troop "A" of the Fifth Cavalry, following. The other vessels did not change positions but had their crews behind the guns. All this preparation seemed ridiculous—just to take a pretty little lighthouse on a hillside. But it was doubtless the hillside that caused anxiety; covered, as it was, with a thick wood and some bad underbrush, it would have made an excellent place for a Spanish ambush.

All was expectancy. Every one waited for the opening detonation. The Fifth Cavalry had been up since four o'clock; some of the men had not turned in at all. As the early streaks of dawn brightened we made out figures around the lighthouse but could not distinguish whether they were our sailors or Spaniards. Finally a sharp, direct ray of the tardy sun touched the hilltop and disclosed a "jackie" upon the highest point of the lighthouse, nailing fast the Stars and Stripes. This called for three cheers—cheers that, if the truth be told, lacked vim; for instead of a brisk early morning engagement the affair had been bloodless. The men of the Fifth Cavalry were disgusted, and, as they destroyed their wills made the night before, termed the whole thing a fiasco.

So quietly had the light been taken that the people in Fajardo proper, three miles back in the country, knew nothing of it until informed in a very unusual way. When the lighthouse had been reached by the landing party, a young cadet in charge of one of the gigs discovered in the keeper's room a telephone that connected with Fajardo. Whipping out his phrase book he rang up the town and addressed the unsuspecting enemy with, "Habla v. Espanol?" The man at the other end mechanically answered, "Si hombre," and then as a light broke in upon his understanding he howled with dismay and fired the ear tube at the mouthpiece with such energy that there was a ringing in the ears of the naval cadet for many minutes afterward.

GEORGE PARSON.

CAPTAIN CAPRON'S FUNERAL

(See Double-page Picture)

THE death-roll of heroes of a war is not confined to the names of men who met their fate during the storm of bullet and shell. Sickness is the most valuable, because the most insidious,

"Daughter of the Confederacy"

Varina Anne Jefferson Davis, born in Richmond, Va., 1864;
died September 18th, 1898

Fair sister South, we mourn with thee thy dead.
She, like a flower in the storm, was born
In thy beleaguered capital forlorn—
Cannon her lullaby, above her head
Thy proud though tattered battle-flag outspread;
Her heroes, thine—they who had nobly worn
The gray; her cause, the Lost. She did not mourn,
But all thy hearts in love and courage led.

She was his child, thy Chieftain's; he was thine.
Their names together in thy legendry
Immortal shall the Muses now enshrine.
Back to Virginia, back she comes to thee:
Lay her beside him. O'er their endless sleep
Glory and tenderness shall vigil keep.

—Henry Tyrrell.

ally of the enemy. Among its recent victims was Captain Allyn Capron, of the First Artillery, who passed unharmed through the Santiago campaign, in which he made his name known throughout the nation, yet died afterward of illness due to exposure and the climatic conditions peculiar to Cuba in midsummer.

Captain Capron was the third soldier of his name and rank to die in the service of his country; his father, Captain Allyn Capron, was killed in the Mexican War while commanding the "Capron's Battery," which made itself famous anew in front of Santiago; and his son, Captain Allyn K. Capron, of Roosevelt's "Rough Riders," was one of the first American officers killed in Cuba.

The late commander of Capron's Battery was buried September 21st at the Arlington National Cemetery, near Washington, D. C. The military funeral of an officer of the rank of captain, as provided for by army regulations, is very simple, the escort consisting of a single company. Captain Capron, however, was followed to his last home by General Miles and his entire staff, Generals Gilmore, Rodgers, and a large number of other officers, all in full uniform, and the grave was covered with flowers sent by people of all classes, from the President of the United States to some of the humblest citizens who had known the gallant soldier or admired him for his conspicuous service in the field.

The Caprons were one of many families in whom the military instinct seemed to be hereditary, members of one generation after another entering army or navy as a matter of course, and remaining in the service despite tempting offers to enter civil life, where their special abilities would have commanded greater pay than the highest of our military or naval officers receive. Of such loyalty there can be but one opinion among honorable Americans.

THE COLORS

RED—

High overhead
Sparkles the banner of Mars!

Red—

Under the tread—
Poppies asleep 'neath the stars!

Blue—

—Steadfast and true
Bends the wide arch of the sky!

Blue—

Tenderest hue—
—Chosen of violets shy.

White

Shineth the right,
Until the struggle shall cease!

White—

—Pure as the light,
Blossom the lilies of peace.

JENNIE BETTS HARTSWICK.

THE DRAMA

THE appearance in New York of Mr. Francis Wilson always makes a great many people happy. It matters not that his new opera may be imbecile, or that he himself cannot sing a note; it is enough that he appear on the stage and talk. This season he has begun work at the Broadway Theatre with a new opera—"the Little Corporal"—by that indefatigable librettist, Mr. Harry B. Smith, assisted by Mr. Victor Herbert. The librettist is mentioned first because in Mr. Wilson's productions the text is of far more importance than the music. The work takes its name simply from the fact that for a short time the hero impersonates the first Napoleon during the Egyptian campaign. But the fraud is not perpetrated till very late in the action, and it is of comparatively little consequence, anyway; though Mr. Wilson assumes the garb of the Corsican he does not "make up" to look like the familiar figure. The plot is the merest thread and the librettist (or Mr. Wilson himself) shows cleverness by introducing a verse in which it is amiably guyed. Altogether, the book has little merit of ingenuity of construction or of humor, and Mr. Wilson has some difficulty in showing that he can be really funny. At long intervals he is not funny, and he frequently creates the impression that when he is funny the humor is wholly of his own making. Mr. Smith has done much better work, and he will probably do better work in future. As for the music, it is of the flimsy sort that so many of our comic opera composers are producing to-day; it has the rare merit, however, of being fairly simple, for Mr. Herbert has taken pains to avoid pretentious "Wagnerian" effects of mere sound and fury. The supporting company is mediocre. Miss Glaser being the only member worthy of individual praise. Surely there must be better material for comic opera companies than we have been seeing lately.

The first production of "The Liars," the comedy by Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, with Mr. John Drew as the leading actor, attracted a large number of sophisticated playgoers to the Empire Theatre the other night. Many of them probably knew that the piece had made a great success in London; but it was plain that in the minds of the whole audience the actor was far more important than the piece. This, to be honest, is frequently the case with the productions of the work of Mr. Jones; in this instance, however, the playwright deserved and won the chief honors. Years ago Mr. Jones became possessed of a desire to convert the theatre into a pulpit; consequently, most of the serious plays that he has since written have been preachy, sentimental, and tedious. When he has undertaken comedy, however, he has been able to get much nearer life and to character. In "The Liars" he is nearly always light and graceful, and though, here and there, he verges on the mawkish in his treatment of the love episodes, he keeps himself in hand, on the whole, uncommonly well. "The Liars" is certainly one of the best comedies he has yet written. He suggests in it the influence of the younger Dumas, as he has done even more noticeably in other pieces. His hero, for example, bears a striking resemblance to the Monsieur De Ryons of "L'Ami de Femmes," the piece from which Mr. Carton drew his "Squire of Dames," affording Mr. Drew the chance of making one of his greatest artistic successes. "The Liars" is far less brilliant than "L'Ami des Femmes," for it is deficient both in human and in dramatic interest. Its strength, such as it is, lies in the ingenious management of a familiar theme, the foolish young wife who contemplates eloping with the equally foolish bachelor, and is finally reconciled to the still more foolish neglectful husband. This is developed with little regard for situations, but with a great regard for dialogue. With his dialogue Mr. Jones must be credited with very brilliant success; the talk was

always entertaining, frequently witty, occasionally delicious, in the subtlety of its suggestion. It held the attention of the audience without a break, and that is a great feat in this country. As the good friend who keeps the three foolish people from final misery, Mr. Drew had a singularly slight part for so popular an actor; at times he almost dropped out of the play. But whenever he was in evidence he acted with his usual ease and felicity. He is the only comedian that we have who suggests the polish of the French actors. As the wife, Miss Irving played with intelligence, but with a distressing over-accentuation. Curiosity led me the other day to the Murray Hill Theatre, where Mr. H. V. Donnelly's new stock company was presenting Bronson Howard's comedy, "Young Mrs. Winthrop." I knew that the piece had been one of Mr. Howard's greatest successes, and as I had never seen it I was curious to consider the work of a dozen years or so ago from the point of view of to-day. Plays age far more rapidly than pretty women do; so I was prepared to find Mr. Howard's comedy rather faded. It was faded, and yet it had a certain freshness too. The theme, of course, seems threadbare now; we should feel hurt if a playwright were again to give us a drama in which husband and wife, after drifting slowly apart, are brought together again by the memory of their dead child. It was this theme that betrayed the age of the play far more than the treatment. Indeed, nothing could be neater or simpler than the treatment taken as a whole. Here and there I noticed a touch that Mr. Howard would be ashamed of now. After the affectionate talk between the young husband and his mother, Mr. Howard sent the good lady out of the room with the affectionate exclamation, "My son!" on her lips. This is only a detail, but it is the detail that you find in the present day melodrama given at the Fourteenth Street Theatre and at the playhouses on the East Side. When he wrote "Young Mrs. Winthrop" Mr. Howard had not quite learned to control his sentiment. Neither had he learned to restrain his humor, a rather more important consideration. His much-married woman of New York society, with her bustling ways and her confidences, gives plenty of life to the piece, but she never strikes us as being really flesh and blood; she is far too like a clever newspaper joke. At the Murray Hill Theatre, however, the audience felt no compunctions; they wept when Mr. Howard was sentimental, they laughed when Mr. Howard was broadly humorous. The piece was fairly well played, by a cast that included Miss Hannah May Ingham, Mr. Robert Droult, and that experienced actress, Mrs. Thomas Barry, so long associated with the old Boston Theatre.

JOHN D. BARRY.

OUR PARIS LETTER

(Special correspondence of COLLIER'S WEEKLY)

PARIS, Sept. 11, 1898

TWO days after the sensational suicide of Colonel Henry, three of us had wheeled along the shady curves of the Seine down to Suresnes. I don't know why to Suresnes rather than elsewhere—we had had no thought of Henry; but Suresnes is a picturesque village, quiet enough on week days, with all sorts of gay-colored little places where, right on the edge of the river, you can have the jolliest of breakfasts after your first ten miles of sport.

At Suresnes we found twenty reporters just come by boat.

"Hello! What's up? Why so many of you?"

"Henry's funeral."

"Ah, yes, for a fact."

We went with the rest, up the steep hill on the top of which frowns the formidable fortress where the colonel was incarcerated for twenty-four hours, and where he cut his throat.

In the middle of the court there was an arti-

lery wagon with four horses held by two drivers already in their saddles.

A voice commanded: "Présentez . . . armes!"

The guns of the guard were suddenly thrown forward of the men, in a very straight row. The wagon began to move, bumping heavily on the cob-stones of the yard. It passed out, immediately became silent on the dirt road, and went by us, slowly, followed only by eight gunners in fatigue uniform. The bier was covered with a plain black cloth.

Presently another carriage came out—a coupe, with the widow and the child. A group of three or four civilians, presumably relatives, passed also, going down to the station on foot.

Not a single officer was visible about the place. The army was ashamed and renounced Henry, who had become a criminal in a fanatic endeavor to keep its rottenness from the public gaze.

The whole thing was lugubrious, so awfully silent, so visibly deserted.

Close to the railway tracks the wagon stood waiting for the train, when the newspaper crowd arrived there. The drivers were motionless in their saddles save for their arms, that were drawn forward, occasionally, by the horses' champing. Near the hind gate were gathered the eight gunners and a brigadier. All of these men were stern—they were part of the nation which that day judged Colonel Henry, discussed his crime and felt bitterly indignant.

And as, in turn, the coupe approached, the laughing voice of the colonel's child, who seemingly was made buoyantly happy by this early outing, was the only distinct sound heard in the hush of the scene.

The orderly of the dead officer—a fine old soldier

who looked deeply affected—took upon himself to bring the boy from his mother. The little fellow was glad to see his old, obedient friend. He held him by the hand, gamboling and asking questions.

"These are not of your regiment, are they?"

"No; they belong to the artillery."

"What are they doing here? Eh? Tell me what are they doing here? Are they waiting for papa?"

The young widow was pitiable to see as she walked supported by two friends. They said she was very much younger than her husband—twenty-three, at most; she scarcely looks even that.

It was a terrific blow for such a young heart. It all swooped down on her so suddenly. Three days before she was the happiest of wives; and the proudest, for Colonel Henry was not an ordinary man. Ever since his energetic and haughty attitude at the trials of Dreyfus and Zola had brought him into prominence, there was no officer more beloved in France, no officer more flattered by his superiors. His word before judge, jurors and country counted for more than the clearest evidence. In the midst of his glorious security he is suddenly summoned by the Minister of War; one hour after he has confessed to having forged the most important document against Dreyfus, and is on his way to prison; the next day he is found dead on the floor of his cell with his neck gashed weirdly in two places.

Yes, it came very suddenly to the young wife.

As the train was beginning to move away the child's head and the orderly's were seen together at the window of a first-class compartment. The son of the dead soldier lifts his eyes and, showing the fort—away up on the hill—where took place the tragedy that will yet bring to him so much suffering, he cried in glee:

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"The flag, the flag! See the flag? That's papa's flag!"

When Henry's forgery was revealed there was a tremendous outcry throughout France for an immediate revision of all the proceedings which have led to the conviction of Dreyfus. But for the last two weeks, day after day, with some excuse or other, the government has failed to order it.

Yesterday we were to have a decision at last. But, after two very stormy meetings, the ministers parted as before, leaving everything unconcluded, the nation in the same enervating suspense.

And Mr. Felix Faure having left Paris last night to go on a banquet-presiding tour, we may count on another week's delay at least!

This Monsieur Faure is a very extraordinary Chief of State. He is constantly at the seashore, shooting pheasants or reviewing troops. He comes to Paris every four or five days; and then just long enough to announce that he must leave the same evening—and to beg the ministers once more to do nothing until he returns.

And yet if ever a ship demanded its pilot on the bridge day and night, poor, wind-tossed France does at the present time, with every timber in her creaking—either rotten or sprung.

The truth is, that the government now seems to be in the hands of solemn nincompoops and sinister mountebanks; some of them scared to distraction by the storm, others lamentably unconscious of its dangers.

Why cannot Brisson see the beautiful opportunity that the situation offers to him? It would be so simple for the Prime Minister to shake loose from all who do not want him to move, and, taking advantage of the absence of the meddling, haggling chambers, so vigorously start upon the work of cleansing the civil and military administrations that he would be acclaimed as a savior by the people, and that neither the Chamber, the Senate, nor that monstrously selfish snob, Felix Faure, would ever dare to stop him, Brisson, until he were quite through.

But we may count upon Felix to try to prevent any move of that sort. As a matter of fact, Brisson looks at present like the most dangerous rival of Faure's for the next term of the Presidency. He has been made Prime Minister with the idea, that in the present difficult imbroglio he could not fail to hurt himself politically whichever way he moved.

But if after all his tergiversations he should, at last, decide to smash things as the only way out of the tangle, and threaten to gain popularity, Felix Faure would do all in his power to trip his minister.

And in this he would surely be helped by General Zurlinden, the new Minister of War, who is one of the President's faithfuls, and who must be, at heart, thoroughly opposed to revision, not only because of the many personal friends whom revision would simply blast, but also on account of the terrific blow it would inevitably strike at the prestige of all army officers now belonging to the High Staff.

HENRI DUMAY.

DON'T fail to procure **Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP** for your Children while cutting teeth. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhea.

HEADQUARTERS, Cavalry Division, U.S. Army, Santiago de Cuba, August 6, 1898.

MESSRS. WYCKOFF, SEAMANS & BENEDICT, 327 Broadway, N. Y. City.

GENTLEMEN:

I write you to testify, unsolicited, to the excellence of the "Remington" typewriting machine which was brought with this Division when we embarked for Cuba. The machine in question has done an enormous amount of work during the past weeks, and although it has necessarily been handled very roughly and been jolted many miles over almost impassable Cuban roads, it has proved itself a most excellent machine and preserved its adjustment.

If a machine could speak, it would tell you of the Spanish bullets which have whistled over it, and of the Spanish shells which have burst, with horrible din, within sound of its click. It would speak of the important despatches it has rushed on paper in the dead of the night, of the communications it has addressed to the enemy whose lines were not more than 400 yards from where it was installed, of the sad lists of the killed and wounded it has made after our engagements, of the deeds of American heroism it has recorded, of the expressions of condolence it has conveyed, deplored, to bereaved parents, the fate of their brave sons who gallantly fell in battle, and, I last, of the Act of Capitulation it triumphantly witnessed, which, on board signed by the Spanish and American Generals, caused the surrender of the District of Santiago de Cuba with 25,000 Spanish soldiers.

The machine in short deserves this testimony of its usefulness and reliability, and has the distinction, as far as I am aware, of being the only typewriting machine ever brought into active service on an actual field of battle. Respectfully,

[Signed] LEONARD WILSON,
Sec'y to Gen'l Wheeler.

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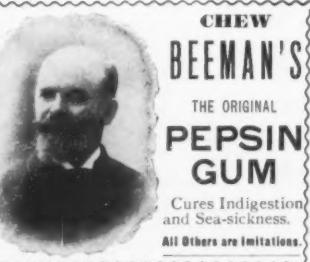
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SPORTS OF THE AMATEUR ON FIELD AND WATER

"Who misses or who wins the prize,
Go lose or conquer as you can;
But if you fail or if you rise,
Be each, pray God, a gentleman!"

In earlier issues there have appeared certain articles dealing with the work and early record of the collegian in war. In these compilations it was shown, first, that he was ready to go not only on call, but eager to get that call. It was also shown that the college athlete was doubly ready; that is, in proportion to the number of men enlisting, the quota sent by the athletic bodies was considerably above the average. As to the services rendered by the athlete, after he reached the front—his readiness for the work—such deaths as those of Worth Bagley and Hamilton Fish can speak as no words could. As to the capability of the athlete to stand a campaign, it would hardly seem necessary to collect evidence; but the opponents of athletics, ever ready to seize upon pretexts, have invited discussion by drawing certain unwarranted conclusions.

The following letter from Col. Theodore Roosevelt ought to silence, if anything can, those inclined to disparage athletic training as an equipment for the contingencies either of a campaign or of ordinary roughing it that may come to any man:

CAMP WIKOFF, MONTAUK, L. I., Sept. 15, 1898.

COLONEL W. W. LARNED,
U. S. MILITARY ACADEMY, WEST POINT, N. Y.

MY DEAR COLONEL.—The athletes, and notably the football men in my regiment, did splendidly. I had a score or more of ex-college athletes serving either as officers or in the ranks. They made admirable soldiers, and, on the average, stood the campaign far better than the men without athletic training.

Of course there were exceptions, but the history of my regiment emphatically shows the great benefit of rough athletic training for meeting the emergencies of army service or of life in general.

Pray consider yourself at liberty to quote this opinion wherever you think it will do most good.

Very sincerely yours, THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

The death of Stacy, that one time noted West Point half-back, and a man loved and mourned by many whom he hardly knew, was taken as a text for the accusations of these opponents of athletics with as little foundation as have most of these charges. It serves, however, to call attention in the most marked manner to our athletic sports, and especially football; and it is not at all inappropriate that the defense should arise through a blow at these sports in our national academies. Nowhere is sport for sport's sake so appreciated as in the U. S. Military Academy at West Point, and in the U. S. Naval Academy at Annapolis. In these institutions the support of athletics does not depend upon gate receipts, the contestants are not led on to candidacy by prospects of pleasant trips about the country, or exhibitions before large audiences in metropolitan grounds. The expenses are defrayed by the personal subscriptions of the officers at the post. The laurel of victory, when it comes, is only a laurel, but the spirit and the sportsmanship are all the higher for that fact, and the appreciation that this condition of affairs elicits from those who are interested in matters pertaining to the general welfare of American sport can hardly be measured. And when sport is and can be conducted on such a plane, and where studies are most severe, and the mimic warfare of the football field the most appropriate relaxation possible, it seems as though such spots were par excellence the home of all that should be most valued and treasured in athletic training and athletic recreation.

With a plunge we are suddenly IN THE MIDST in the very midst of the football OF season. There has never been a FOOTBALL year when the important games have been so arranged as they are this fall. Almost within a month of the first mark of the crosspiece on the gridiron field comes one of the principal games of the year, that between Harvard and the University of Pennsylvania at Cambridge, November 5. A week later Princeton and Yale meet at Princeton, in what is Princeton's chief match of the year, and on the 19th Harvard meets Yale at New Haven. If one desires a liberal football education, acquired in rapid fashion, he has but to devote the first three Saturdays in November to these three matches. He will see there the result of the most advanced and approved methods of instilling into the student mind the science of signals and formation, and into the student heart the abandon of fearlessness in the face of any odds. He will see four teams, any one of which represents the product of some of the best young players molded into 'varsity material and engrafted upon the veteran stock of older players, and at the same time he may see four distinct schools of football tested and measured in the crucial moment of important contest.

Harvard and Pennsylvania are FIRST GREAT being rushed in their development MATCH with what old-school players could not but regard as dangerous haste. In the case of Pennsylvania, however, it is by no means unusual, and she will profit more by the early date than will Harvard. It is a strange fact that Harvard teams seem to need adversity in order to bring out their best work, and many is the time that Harvard has, after a defeat, developed by far the best football of her season. And it has usually happened that Pennsylvania was the team to feel the effects of this, and on one or two occasions to have a most desperate struggle to defeat Harvard when the chances of the Phila-

delphians appeared easily the better. Here, again, Pennsylvania will profit by the early date. Taking it altogether, then, one cannot but feel that the first of these three big matches looks like Pennsylvania's victory, even before one takes up the personnel of the teams at all.

COMPARISON, HARVARD AND PENNSYLVANIA When one considers at this early date the make-up of the two teams, there is a striking similarity in the losses of men. Ends and full-backs will be in demand at both places, and while Harvard suffers in the center of the line more than Pennsylvania, the desire to play Captain Outland behind the line will open up Pennsylvania's tackle on one side as against Harvard's serious loss at center. Doucette will be with difficulty replaced. Burden was his understudy last year, and is a big fellow, but possessed of nothing like the experience of his older predecessor. Sargent may prove better than Burden. Pennsylvania has in Carnett a man who pushed Goodman closely last season until his accident incapacitated him, and if strong and well he can fill up a place in Pennsylvania's line so that no break will be found. In drawing men back, Coach Woodruff may be tempted to take Hedges, who is a good end, and fit him for quarter, although Gardiner is at present the choice for that position. In Harrison, Walker and Outland an excellent back field is developing.

It is said there is talk of Outland QUARTER BACK as a quarter, but it is hardly probable. In spite of the fact that a heavy quarter has long been looked upon as one of the next moves in the development of the game as now played, none of the big teams has really had the requisite nerve to put the theory into practice. Harvard tried it one year in bringing Trafford up from full-back and playing him at quarter, but the experiment did not prove entirely satisfactory. The truth of the matter seems to lie in the fact that the quick, agile, lighter-weight men are so much better adapted for the ordinary work of the position that no coach has the patience to really equip a heavy-weight with the necessary accomplishments through long and arduous practice, hence the place usually falls to the middle or light-weight players. For all that, the time is pretty certain to come, under the present temptation to mass playing, when additional weight will be sought for so strenuously as to result in some teams making the experiment of using a heavy quarter. Ends have already grown heavy under the pressure; very few teams nowadays are satisfied without one or two heavy men behind the line, while guards and tackles value their pounds as well as their most treasured possession.

Among trainers a striking tendency has been at times to wander CHANCES far away from the principle that there is nothing so good to make football players as playing football. Dumb-bell exercises may produce an all-round physical development of a most admirable kind. Long runs may make the heart and lungs such as to make prolonged exercise of that nature not only possible but easy. But when all is said and done, it is playing the game itself that is necessary if one is to produce a winning team. Other teams have often been led into idiosyncrasies of training, but perhaps none has approached the subject in as many roundabout ways in the past twenty years as has Harvard. Hence it is a relief to many of her adherents to see that this year an attempt is to be made to charge directly down upon the matter in hand and begin to learn the game by actually playing it. Yet Pennsylvania was the first to do actual running and tackling this year as usual. Harvard's material, as mentioned earlier, will be considerably strengthened from the ranks of last year's freshman eleven. Already several of these men are looked upon with distinct favor, and deservedly so. That team was a playing one and not a fancy aggregation, and the men that it has turned out will be heard from accordingly. But all this does not materially aid Harvard's line, and it is there that Coach Forbes ought to expend a large part of his labors. He has before him the problem of meeting such line men as Overfield, Hare, McCracken, Carnett, Goodman, McMahon and Folwell, and unless he can put against them a fair match in the way of physique, he cannot hope even by the enthusiastic spirit of new men to equal the greater experience of these veterans, who have already been tried out, and who have decidedly won their spurs.

Besides the major games this season, there will be a number worth CONTESTS WORTH watching if one has the opportunity, and certainly worth looking for in the printed accounts. The first of these will be the West Point-Wesleyan match, October 8, at West Point. It is remarkable how hard it has been upon several occasions for the military academy to master Wesleyan. West Point beat Brown 42 to 0 last year, but could only get a victory over Wesleyan of 12 to 9. This rankles a little bit—not with any hard feeling, but just a sort of exasperation, in the knowledge that Wesleyan enjoys the match quite as much as does West Point. For this reason a determined effort is going to be made this year to change the record in this respect and show Wesleyan what West Point's standing really is in the football world. Wesleyan probably knows this, and will do their best to prevent what the cadets mean to accomplish.

Then, too, there are several teams looking for the Dartmouth eleven. Williams is one. The

fact that it has become so patent as to be generally commented upon, that Dartmouth outclasses her rivals in the triangular league of Amherst, Williams and Dartmouth, has at last made its impression upon Williams, and they have set two coaches, Messrs. Hazen and Hine, at work upon their team. Whether what they wish can be accomplished in a season is doubtful, but a fair try may be made at it, and when the team meets Dartmouth that is the time they mean to try for it. Then there is Brown, who, as I stated in an earlier issue, will hardly be content to let such a rival as Dartmouth carry off too much of the New England honors, and when they meet November 19th Brown will be in earnest about the result.

There are several teams looking for the scalps of the Carlisle Indians, notably Pennsylvania and Harvard, both of whom have in past seasons suffered unpleasant frights when engaged in defeating the dusky warriors. Pennsylvania meets them on November 12th, and Harvard on the 29th of October.

Yale must have some memories remaining of that 18 to 14 game with Brown last year, and also of that tie game at West Point. Perhaps Yale, more than any other team, regards her preliminary contests with equanimity, no matter what the result, so long as they lead to a proper and timely development along the lines laid down, and a final satisfactory ending of the season in her big games. But for all that, when they meet Brown on October 19th, and later in the month, 29th, West Point, there must be some reversion in the minds of the players to last year's results, and a desire to improve upon them this season.

In the middle west Michigan is making quiet plans for Chicago's Thanksgiving turkey, while Chicago is eager to reverse last year's score upon Wisconsin, should the match be arranged, and no rivalry can be greater than that on the Pacific coast, where California and Stanford are eying each other with the annual excitement, the former with last year's Princeton captain as a coach to redeem their falling fortunes.

Cornell begins the season under CORNELL the coaching of Mr. Glenn S. Warner, aided by other graduates, especially Mr. Fennell. Cornell's determination to rely upon the coaching of her own graduates when first announced was viewed with apprehension by many, but the policy was thoroughly vindicated by the work of the team last year. Not only was the general ground-play of the team well taken care of, but there was originality displayed both in defensive and offensive tactics. Cornell's play was not a rehash of various systems, but possessed a distinctive character of its own. The next step for Cornell must be to establish a spirit among her players of not being satisfied with playing a close game with the leaders. It is only a step from playing a close and creditable game to actual victory, but it is one of the hardest steps in sport. Last year Cornell played a tie with Lafayette, held Princeton to 10 points—and that, too, when Princeton was playing an advancing game—and finally held Pennsylvania in the last big game of the year at 4 points. Cornell's Harvard game was much less satisfactory—24 to 5—but it was almost the only game of the year when Cornell did not come up to creditable performance. This year there will be no game with Harvard, but Lafayette, Princeton and Pennsylvania will be met again.

West Point, with her extraordinary brilliant football record, starts out on that very account with more of a task than any team outside the big universities. To equal her performance of last year by playing a tie with Yale, holding Harvard to 10 points, and beating Brown and Lehigh by over 40 points each, is something that demands an exceptional team, and Captain Kromer has a rather huge contract on his hands. His schedule does not include a Brown game this season—whether Brown has become tired of having her laurels dimmed by defeat at the hands of the cadets, or what is the reason, I do not know; but the two teams are not likely to meet this year. West Point has, however, renewed her former match with Princeton. Thus Yale, Harvard and Princeton will each give the cadets a try this year, and some comparisons will be possible.

Last year Carlisle went West and THE INDIANS defeated the University of Illinois 23 to 6, but before doing this the Indians had scored 9 points against Yale, 10 against Pennsylvania, and 14 against Brown, so that people knew that the dusky warriors were likely to make an impression upon their Western antagonists. This year, with practically the same team, Carlisle is going to take on games with Cornell, Yale, Harvard, and Pennsylvania, besides the usual ones with Illinois and Cincinnati. Captain Hudson, who, under the able tuition of that wonderful drop-kicker, Mr. Bull, developed such marked ability in this line, will be on hand once more to make Pennsylvania's blood run cold as he did last season. Carlisle has secured last year's Yale end, Mr. John Hall, as a coach, and he will keep them up to hard work, which is what they need.

Lehigh, which gave us one of the best officials that ever walked PLANS across the field or blew the whistle over a foul, Mr. Paul J. Dashiell, has arranged a schedule this year bidding fair to give her team something of the old impetus. Her eleven has not had such a chance for a long time as this under Captain Chamberlain, and I

know more than one of her graduates, now prominent in other lines, who, like Richard Harding Davis, would be glad to once more don a Lehigh sweater and have a turn in such games as these—Princeton at Princeton, Pennsylvania at Philadelphia, West Point at West Point, and the two games with their old rival, Lafayette. It is playing such a schedule that, although all the games may be lost, gives a team a chance of progress.

Wesleyan, with her sandy little WESLEYAN team, is another example of a return to graduate coaching. Last year Poe handled them well and gave them a start, but this year they are to furnish their own coaching staff. Captain Townsend's team will be under the charge of R. P. Wilson, who will direct the graduate coaching. Last season, on the 9th of October, Wesleyan held West Point at 9 to 12, and when one considers the balance of West Point's record, one realizes the merit of that performance. On the 8th of October this year the two teams will meet, and it is said that the cadets have in mind the closeness of the 1897 score and mean to wipe it out decisively. Wesleyan's football history is worthy of note, as explaining in a measure that her football prowess of the last year or two is something in the nature of a heritage of the past.

Trinity, a college small in numbers TRINITY when compared with some of those whose teams she meets, is another New England free lance and rival of Wesleyan's. Trinity has for some years been the one selected by Yale for her opening game of the season. Trinity has been fortunate in having the assistance as coach of that former Harvard half-back Everett Lake, whose plunges through the line did so much for crimson teams a few years ago. This year Trinity goes as far afield as to visit Ithaca and play Cornell, but the game with Wesleyan at Middletown on November 5th is likely to be the one wherein the rivalry will be strongest and the excitement keenest. Trinity tries conclusions late in October with both Amherst and Williams. It was Trinity that gave us Harman Graves, later of the Yale team, and the successful coach of West Point.

Comment upon the Maybury-WESTERN Cochemis incident is crowded out of this issue, but will be treated of in a later number.

Out in the middle west there are MIDDLE wars and rumors of wars. But that WEST seems only to lend spice to the situation, and one may be sure that, no FOOTBALL matter how great the friction to which these misunderstandings give rise, there will be some interesting football. Of all the games to be played by Western teams, it is likely that the one the University of Chicago would be most happy in winning would be her match with the University of Pennsylvania at Philadelphia. Here Mr. Stagg and Mr. Woodruff, as coaches, will have an opportunity of measuring horns. As both of them are old Yale teams, and each has with due reason prided himself upon a thoroughly scientific study of the game for years, the meeting will be of especial interest. The former has been removed so long now from Eastern football that it may be supposed that he and his team represent his own individual ideas rather than the later Eastern developments. Some of the Western players, it appears—and of this a word or two later—are likely to be *taboo*, so far as the A.A.U. is concerned, unless recent efforts to patch up a peace come to fruition. In the Western matches the Thanksgiving Day game between the University of Michigan and Chicago is likely to be of prime interest. Michigan's games with Northwestern on November 5th, and Illinois on the 12th, will be followed with interest. The former will probably be coached by Bannard, the old Princeton player. King's work at the University of Wisconsin has for some time been in evidence. In fact, these Western teams have, as a rule, se-

cured the very latest in the way of coaches from the largest Eastern universities.

On the Pacific coast, for instance, PACIFIC the University of California has COAST engaged ex-Captain Garrett Cochran of Princeton for this season, and with his help they will make another attempt to break down the long string of Stanford victories. At Palo Alto a return of Harry Cross, the old Yale center, who coached the Stanford team year before last, is expected, and the usual contest between these two universities will be looked forward to with more than common interest. The men at both universities are seriously in earnest; neither has been allowed to drop behind the times, having annually secured the very best of Eastern talent in the coaching line; and hence San Franciscans are always sure of seeing exhibited in this match the most modern methods employed anywhere.

In the South the University of SOUTHERN Virginia has laid out the most FOOTBALL elaborate campaign, having not less than a dozen matches to be played between October 8th and November 24th. Both the University of Pennsylvania and Princeton are on the schedule as well as Annapolis. The match that, barring disagreements which seem at present to be standing in the way, promises to be the contest of their season, will be the one with the University of North Carolina.

The games of the initial Saturday INITIAL of the football season indicated GAMES very clearly the policy of the larger teams toward early development.

The plays were more formed than usual for that period, and there was some evidence of teamwork, a feature usually entirely lacking from any matches of the first few weeks. Pennsylvania, Carlisle and Cornell all ran up considerable scores, while Yale made a decidedly better showing than in her first Trinity game played a year ago. Cornell was the only one scored against, and while the possibility of such a mishap was invited by the replacing of several of the regulars by substitutes, the five points were none the less earned by Colgate and extremely disagreeable to Cornell.

As predicted in this column, POLO Meadowbrook defeated Philadelphia in the championship match at Brooklyn with ease. The weather was disagreeable, and there was less enthusiasm among the spectators than usual. Philadelphia made a game struggle, but were clearly outclassed, and would not have scored more than two goals had the Long Islanders exerted themselves in the last period. The final score was Meadowbrook 15 to Philadelphia 7. The line-up follows.

Meadowbrook	Philadelphia
No. 1. W. C. EUSTIS	J. B. LIPPINCOTT, JR.
" 2. THOS. HITCHCOOK, JR. (cap'n)	GEO. KENDRICK, 2d
" 3. C. C. BALDWIN	C. RANDOLPH SNOWDEN
Back, H. P. WHITNEY	A. E. KENNEDY

The unfortunate series of incidents attending the attempt of the "DOMINION" ENDING to recover the challenge cup now held by the Royal St. Lawrence Yacht Club finally culminated, owing to the defense of that cup by Duggan's freak "Dominion," in such a state of affairs as to render a satisfactory issue almost impossible. Considering all the circumstances, and the ill-judged publication of what was a bad-tempered but personal telegram, the following letter closes the incident with as little bad taste as possible:

TO THE ROYAL ST. LAWRENCE YACHT CLUB, DORVAL, MONTREAL, CANADA.

Gentlemen: By resolution of the Seawanahaka-Corinthian Yacht Club, adopted at a special meeting held at Oyster Bay on September 3, we are instructed to send you this letter. Members of the Race Committee had fully intended to be present at the recent match, but, much to their disappointment, were prevented at the last moment by engagements of controlling importance. Mr. R. W. Gibson kindly consented to serve as our representative, and in consultation with Mr. Clinton H. Crane was fully author-

ized to act in our behalf. On August 12 the "Dominion" was chosen to sail the match as your representative yacht. Mr. Gibson thereupon addressed to your Sailing Committee the following protest:

We beg to advise you that the action of our representatives in declining to accept and in naming the match against "Dominion" has our unanimous approval and support. We should not deem it necessary to make this formal avowal, except for certain incidents made public in the press, which may have conveyed a mistaken impression as to our attitude. We allude especially to a personal telegram, sent by two members of our club to Messrs. Gibson and Crane, which was intended to be a personal and confidential suggestion. Unfortunately, it was transmitted over a private newspaper wire from Montreal to your clubhouse at Dorval, and came into the hands of a reporter who made it public without authority. The publicity given to this private telegram through comments of the press has no doubt led to a general impression that it was in a manner official and represented our wishes. We desire to assure you that it was sent without our knowledge, and that we regret the incident. The gentlemen who signed it have addressed us a letter, in which they assume the entire responsibility personally, and specially request us so to advise you.

Having, through our duly authorized representative, made a formal protest against the selection of "Dominion," agreeing in advance to abide by the decision of your Sailing Committee, we unhesitatingly accept that decision as the expression of the conviction of your committee that the "Dominion" was eligible under the declaration of trust to defend the cup, and we, therefore, regard the match of 1898 as a closed incident, not open to further discussion. A profound difference of opinion, however, exists between us as to the propriety of accepting this decision as a precedent for the interpretation of the trust declaration and the government of future matches. It is our conviction, and that of our club, reached after full discussion and deliberation, that a vessel of the "Dominion" type is not within the class of vessels entitled to the cup, and that, therefore, without the consent of our club, expressed by formal amendment as prescribed in the instrument itself, such a vessel should not participate in future matches for the cup. Some confusion may perhaps have arisen in discussing the question from the use of the word "catamaran." It may very well be that the "Dominion" technically is not a catamaran, and that she may be merely an extreme development of the principle, adopted without objection in "El Heirle," "Glencairn," "Speculator" and "Challenger." However this may be, our point is simply this, that, whatever she may be called, or however her conception may be accounted for, she is a vessel which in design passes the limit of fair competition with vessels not built for pleasure, and are therefore unseaworthy or unsuited to bilges. While we now, in attempting technical argument, we cannot admit that such a vessel, even though evolved through the application of principles heretofore accepted, remains justly in the class from which she may have been evolved. It can hardly be questioned that, had such a development been foreseen at the time when the cup was established, it would have been expressly barred by the declaration of trust. But, whether this be so or not, we are not willing ourselves to challenge for the cup with a vessel of this type, and we could not regard with indifference the admission of such vessels to contests between other clubs for the cup which our club has founded. It cannot be doubted also that if the recent match is to be accepted as a controlling precedent, the result will be either that future contests will be limited to vessels employing a progressive development of the peculiar features of "Dominion," or that competition for the cup will altogether cease. Either result, it seems to us, should be deplored. As founders of the cup, knowing that it has done much, if not for the art of designing, certainly what is far more important, for the development of Corinthian sailing, we feel a deep interest in its future, and we do not doubt that you, who won it under circumstances reflecting such high credit upon your enterprise and upon the skill and character of your representatives, and have since twice successfully defended it, are equally solicitous. While we are firmly of the opinion that no amendment is necessary to the declaration of trust, yet if after final consideration you find yourselves unable to concur in our views as to the proper interpretation of the instrument, we call your attention to the fact that it was framed in a liberal spirit, having in view the possibility of developments which, in the interests of yachting, would make changes advisable or necessary, and expressly provides that it may at any time be amended in any respect whatever by the consent of the holder and of our club, subject only to the condition that in case a challenge is pending the consent of the challenging club must also be obtained. With great respect, we remain, gentlemen, yours very truly,

OLIVER E. CROMWELL,
CHARLES W. WETMORE,
WALTER C. KERR,
CHARLES A. SHERMAN,

RACE COMMITTEE, SEAWANAHAKA-CORINTHIAN YACHT CLUB.

Sept. 3, 1898.

The entire matter brings up that delicate question of just how far rules in the letter can ever go toward completely covering what ought to be thoroughly and mutually understood in contests. What conditions constitute fairness, and how much those conditions must be expressed or need be only implied, is a question old as the hills and yet ever recurring.

WALTER CAMP.



A GLIMPSE OF PROSPECT PARK PARADE GROUND, BROOKLYN, DURING THE POLO CHAMPIONSHIP MATCH

LITERATURE

THE LIFE OF NAPOLEON THE THIRD. By ARCHIBALD FORBES. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

SCRIBES AND PHARISEES; A STORY OF LITERARY LONDON. By WILLIAM LE QUEUX. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

The attributes of modesty and equity adorn this fascinating book. Mr. Forbes has not fallen before any temptation that may have arisen to give prominence to Mr. Forbes, in the relation of events connected with which Archibald Forbes is no inconspicuous name. It is almost a grievance to learn nothing of the personal experiences and impressions of the famous war correspondent who, at the Emperor's heels from Saarbrücken to Sedan, breathed the full and fury of that bloody contention. He has written out the details of the surrender at Sedan at too great length. Probably because an eye-witness, did he overvalue their consequence in the course of history, which speaks and speaks forever, but has no memory for trifles. But the events which followed the recalcitrant Wimpffen's negotiations, under the white flag, with Moltke, Bismarck and Blumenthal, at the little Donchery hotel, though rendered too particularly, are told with complete impartiality. Mr. Forbes, if any one, had the opportunity to form definite opinions about many points of French and German policy, and to appraise the merits of French and German battle strategy. He is content to display his knowledge openly, graphically, and vividly to the reader, without attempting the least intellectual domination. "Napoleon the Third" is penned, all through, without bias; its author's sympathies, when guessed, are found as broad and generous as his presentments of facts.

Napoleon III.'s acquisition of the scepter of *Omnia Gallia* was little less theatrical than the Corsican Brigand's. Fat Louis Philippe, deprecating the decapitation of Bourbon kings, left Paris when the barricade business of 1848 began, with neither the leisure nor the dignity beseeching elderly gentlemen of high station. He went, says Durny with summary sarcasm, "sans être poursuivi ni inquiété." Dame Republic was bowed in with political speeches from M. de Lamartine. He and four others composed the Executive Commission, a new edition of the Directoire. Lamartine's idealism was no medicine for the turbulence of the Paris mob, to be soothed only by leaden pills. After further barricading and cannonading, the Republic was given a stabler form under the presidency of Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, nephew of Napoleon I. Disorder continued, however, until the Prince-

President, perceiving the majority of the French people tired of political chaos, and being sure of the support of the army, exploded a *coup d'état* on December 2, 1851. That morning, the citizens of Paris found the town placarded with a proclamation dissolving the National Assembly, members of which were compelled to receive in their bedrooms visitors who escorted them to prison. The remaining deputies congregated at the Palais de Bourbon, to depose the President. Soldiers stamped in, and with little ado laid hands on the remonstrants, whom they marched off and locked up. By popular vote, the office of President was conferred on Louis Napoleon for ten years, and a new Constitution accepted. After a year of his virulent dictatorship, the Senate declared the Bonaparte dynasty returned to authority. But the prince, who had not studied history in vain, insisted that

"—multitude digest the senate's courtesy" before coronation. Again acclaimed by *vox populi*, he put on the jeweled circlet which gave him the name of Napoleon III. and the power of Emperor of the French.

Reviewing his enactments during the dictatorship, it is evident, writes Mr. Forbes, "that they were well meant, full of consideration for the public weal, and conceived by a man of a firm but of a kindly and sympathetic nature." "But for the restless ambition which possessed his soul," and which led him into dangerous schemes of aggrandizement, Napoleon III. might have enjoyed a long and prosperous reign. That adventurous Bonaparte blood drove him beyond the confines of his country, in quest of military glory. He had no aspirations toward the culinary philanthropy of Henri Quatre, who wanted his good burghers to eat chicken on Sunday, but in the intervals between battles exerted himself for the embellishment and sanitation of his capital. The other towns of France, stimulated by the example of Paris, accomplished wonders of improvement. He obtained from Cobden the removal of all imposts on French manufactures and a substantial reduction of the duties on French wine and brandy, in exchange for which prohibitory duties were lifted from a number of British commodities. Maximilian's ghost shakes its "gory locks" at believers in the last Napoleon's loyalty. That mean act was unworthy a soldier; other qualities of a soldier, the emperor's friends may justly claim for him. The author of "Napoleon the Third" tells us of the royal patient's immense fortitude when "racked with the pain of the ailment which constantly tortured him." We also read, in the chapter "The Catastrophe of Sedan": ". . . the emperor dismounted, and slowly, silently, and unmoved,

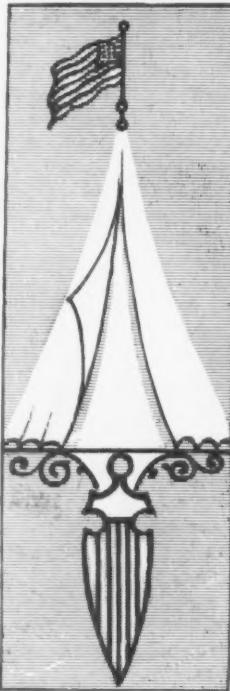
walked to and fro under a hail of fire. Shells burst close to him and covered him with hail and smoke."

"Cheat!" has a thousand times been screeched at Bismarck since the war of 1870-71. This, with reference to his notorious Ems telegram, which friggy persons say "caused the war." The irritable temper of the French nation, Napoleon's alacrity to humor his people's bellicose disposition, Eugénie's idea that a victorious war was needed to insure lasting popularity to the monarchy and her son's kingship, the new united Germany's readiness and conscious strength—all this was vastly more fatal than Spanish successions, impudent Imperial insinuations, bewildered Benedetti and Bismarckian blackguardism. But Archibald Forbes knows more about these matters than you or I. A pity that the good binding and clear print of this volume are condemned to the company of thirty-six miserable pictures.

Mr. Le Queux threatened to do something like Murger, descended to Gaboriau, and dwindled into himself. Arrived there, he wrote nearly as fast as the London journalists of "Scribes and Pharisees," and at Chapter XXVI. was in so great a hurry to reveal "The Truth" that he penned "incredibly" for "incredulously," and forgot the meaning of "encompassing."

Bertram Rossmead, the fool of this story, comes to England from Paris, where he has been making deathless love to a shopgirl and pretending to paint. He devotes his activity to a suburban newspaper, and soon finds that the English magazines are in urgent need of French verses. These he can reel off prettily, but for inditing English prose, said to be a quality useful to journalists, he has no ability whatever. This does not hinder our fool from sending short stories to editors. In the course of time, he learns punctuation and syntax, and acquires style, the inevitable consequence of reporting for a newspaper. Rossmead, according to the author, a gentleman and a scholar, marries a "super" attached to the Adelphi Theatre, London. He is promoted to a metropolitan evening journal, writes longer stories, becomes known, and sad. He finds out that in marrying Lena Loder he has lacked discernment. Mrs. Rossmead, having braved the most categorial sections of the Decalogue, comes to a bad end. The fool, who has become famous in literature, meets the Parisian shopgirl again, whose father is an Italian marquis and has composed an opera. The fool marries the shopgirl, who, in spite of all temptations, has been strictly virtuous. What will heredity do for his children?

LIONEL STRACHEY.



Victories of the Army
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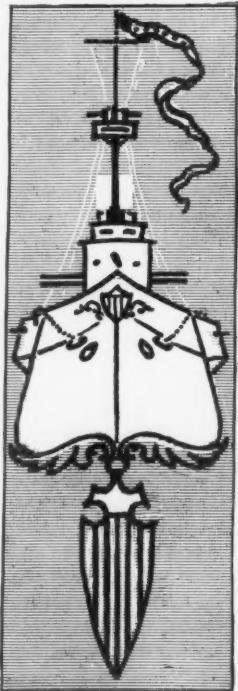
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